WEST VIRGINIA HISTORY

A Quarterly Magazine

ROY BIRD COOK, *Editor*
INNIS C. DAVIS, *Managing Editor*

Published quarterly by the State Department of Archives and History, Charleston, West Virginia

Volume I, 1939-1940

KRAUS REPRINT CO.
New York
1969

Reprinted with the permission of the original publisher
KRAUS REPRINT CO.
A U.S. Division of Kraus-Thomson Organization Limited

Printed in Germany

West Virginia History

A Quarterly Magazine

October, 1939

Roy Bird Cook, *Editor* Innis C. Davis, *Managing Editor*

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1

Contents

James Rumsey, "Ingenious Mechanic" and International Genius, by Matthew Page Andrews 3
The Jones-Imboden Raid, by Festus P. Summers 15
The Kinnan Massacre, by Boyd B. Stutler 30
A True Narrative of the Sufferings of Mary Kinnan, reprinted from the original 49
West Virginians in the American Revolution, assembled and edited by Ross B. Johnston 57

Book Reviews:

Summers, *Johnson Newlon Camden*, by Mabel Ann West 68
Gardiner, *Chronicles of Old Berkeley*, by A. D. Kenamond 69
Buck, *The Patriot*, by Emma E. White 70
Alexander, *American Nabob*, by Phil Conley 72
State History as Featured by the Press 75
Recent Publications of Interest to West Virginians 79
Contributors 81
Editor's page 83

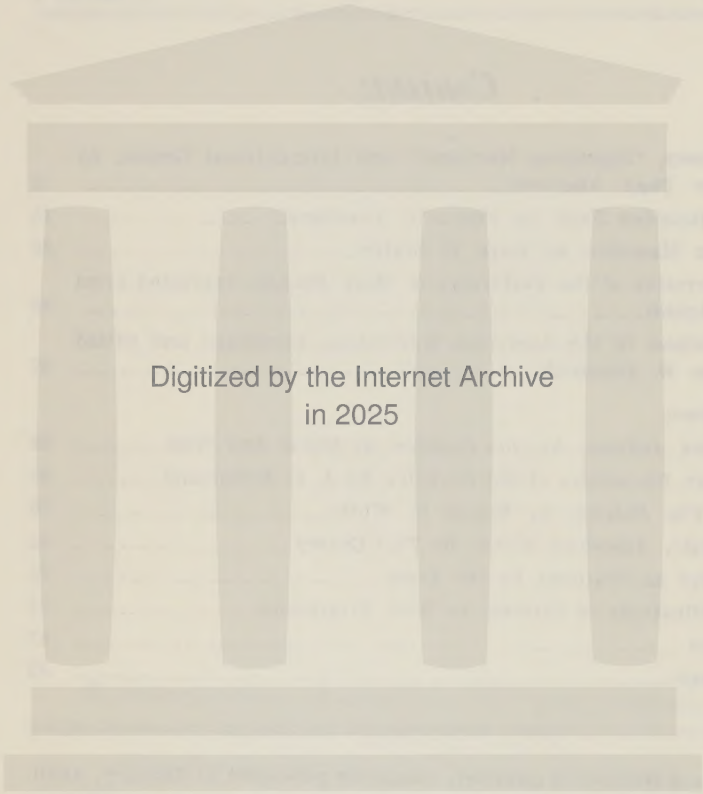
West Virginia History, a quarterly magazine published in January, April, July, and October, by the State Department of Archives and History, Charleston, West Virginia.

Subscription price ..... $2.00 per year
Single number ..... 50 cents

Correspondence concerning the contributions and books for review may be sent to the editors.

The Department of Archives and History assumes no responsibility for statements made by contributors.

Offices: State Capitol, Charleston, West Virginia.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/west-virginia-history_1939-10_1_1

James Rumsey,

"Ingenious Mechanic" and International Genius

By MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS

This article does not pretend to be a life of James Rumsey, or even a biographical sketch. The authoritative biography of the inventor is Ella May Turner's *James Rumsey, Pioneer in Steam Navigation;* and it is to her findings that one turns for the story of Rumsey's career from his birth in Maryland throughout his work in Virginia (now West Virginia) to his untimely death in London.

"History," however, "is not static but dynamic"; since new material is constantly being found, whilst the old develops new significance calling for fresh interpretation. And this saying has never been more amply illustrated than in the recent re-appraisal of Rumsey's career at the ceremonies accompanying the opening at Shepherdstown of the new interstate link officially designated by Maryland and West Virginia as the James Rumsey Bridge.

The following experience serves to illustrate the universal ignorance of the man who on July 15, 1939, received, for the first time in upwards of a century, a full measure of credit for his achievements in the field of invention.

In passing through Sharpsburg, Maryland, some years ago, the writer picked up some small boys on their way to a swim in the Potomac. On reaching the Maryland heights overlooking the river, I asked one of them:

"What monument is that?"

"It is to a man named Rumsey," was the ready reply.

"What did he do?"

The answer to this question is so illuminating that it deserves special emphasis:

"*The West Virginians say* he invented the steamboat."

"Don't you agree with the West Virginians?"

Here the twelve-year-old parried a bit: "Our books (meaning American history texts) don't say it!"

Privately thinking, "so much the worse for the textbooks," I observed:

"If I were to tell you Rumsey was born in Maryland, would you agree with the West Virginians?"

On this point the youngster was distinctly non-committal. Perhaps, as a "thumb-guest," he thought it would not be the part of wisdom to question the credibility of the witness!

By way of a brief review of the pioneer steamboat, one notes that despite the assistance afforded the inventor by Benjamin Franklin and of the interest of three (then future) Presidents of these United States—Washington, Jefferson, and Madison—faith in Rumsey's claims to priority in steamboat construction have been confined almost wholly to West Virginia, and chiefly to that part which is the Eastern Panhandle. As illustrated above, school children just three miles away from the Rumsey monument questioned the story! Only two textbooks known to the writer mention Rumsey as a steamboat inventor, and then only as an "also ran." His steamboat, it is explained, wasn't practical and died with him; yet the same statement may be made with equal reason of Rumsey's contemporary, John Fitch, and his boat. Fitch, however, gets considerable credit in textbooks, and sometimes a full-page picture—which books are the only ones available to little Maryland boys, and incidentally, to all anywhere in these United States, including those in the Virginias.

Now, and in the future, with the recent expositions by leading scientists of the significance of the present applications of Rumsey's invention of the water-tube boiler, it becomes only a matter of publication for the civilized world

to acknowledge the vital contribution to modern engineering of Rumsey's genius. In short, our great factories would stop, life in our cities would come to a halt, transatlantic liners would be stilled, and Uncle Sam's battleships would be helpless hulks, if the water-tube boiler patented by Rumsey in 1788 were to be suddenly withdrawn.

So much for the "ingenious mechanic" of Shepherdstown, inventor of a pioneer steamboat. Heretofore, the story of Rumsey's little craft has been doubtfully listed among the rarer items in "notes for the curious." For the moment, therefore, let us set Rumsey's boat aside and consider that invention of his which *is* in use; which *has been* in use ever since he patented it; and which now, after a hundred years, *is more in use than ever before.*

Since Rumsey's boilers were first patented in Great Britain under King George III and later in the United States under President George Washington, we now pass from the stage of the "ingenious mechanic" to that of the international genius, the benefactor of science and of human progress.

The writer, like the little boys on the way to swim where Rumsey's steamboat once chugged along at a speed of three to four miles an hour, did not at that time know that Rumsey's boiler was setting the pace, as it were, for our modern world. The handsome monument at Shepherdstown erected by the State of West Virginia mentioned only the steamboat—and, until lately, the writer of this composition knew little more about the boiler than the little boys! True, he knew of Rumsey's design therefor; but he had associated it with the steamboat that "died with the inventor." And so, as far as he knew, did everybody else.

Happily, not everybody, as it now appears. There were scholars—scientists rather than historians—who, by virtue of historical investigation in their sphere, revealed the significance of Rumsey's boiler and its accompaniments. Hence, early in 1937, just one hundred years after Rumsey's steamboat launching at Shepherdstown, the writer

RESERVE COPY

A.D. 1788 . . . . . N° 1673.

Boilers for Steam Engines, for Distillation, &c.

RUMSEY'S SPECIFICATION.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME, I, JAMES RUMSEY, send greeting.

WHEREAS His most Excellent Majesty King George the Third, did, by his Letters Patent under the Great Seal of Great Britain, bearing date at Westminster, the Sixth day of November, in the twenty-ninth year of His reign, give and grant unto me, the said James Rumsey, His especial license, full power, sole privilege and authority, during the term of years therein expressed, to make, use, exercise, and vend, within that part of Great Britain called England, the Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick upon Tweed, my Invention of "CERTAIN NEW METHODS OF CONSTRUCTING BOILERS FOR DISTILLATION AND OTHER OBJECTS, AND FOR STEAM ENGINES FOR VARIOUS PURPOSES;" in which said Letters Patent there is contained a proviso or condition obliging me, the said James Rumsey, by an instrument of writing under my hand and seal, particularly to describe and ascertain the nature of my said Invention, and in what manner the same is to be performed, and to cause the same to be inrolled in His Majesty's High Court of Chancery within one month after the date of the said Letters Patent, as in and by the same, relation being thereunto had, may more fully and at large appear.

NOW KNOW YE, that in pursuance of and compliance with the said proviso or condition, I, the said James Rumsey, do hereby declare that the nature of my said Invention, and the manner in which the same is to be performed, are herein-after particularly described and ascertained (that is to say):—

My certain new methods of constructing boilers for distillation and other objects, and for steam engines for various purposes, consist of the following principles:—

Copy of first page of Rumsey's Specification. Printed by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode, London, 1854.

received a note from Dr. Llewellyn G. Hoxton, Professor of Physics at the University of Virginia, calling attention to the publication of *Steam, Its Generation and Use,* wherein it was noted that the greatest corporation of boiler manufacturers in the world, with plants on every continent, gave full credit to James Rumsey for the first patents issued upon that which they so extensively produce.

Now the writer is merely an historian; so he will let the scientists tell the story that must eventually carry conviction not only to small boys from Sharpsburg but to all to whom the facts are presented, including the scholars who write our textbooks. The Muse of History will preside and the jurors are the historians of her court. Summonses will be issued to the following witnesses—specialists and historiographers in the field of science. First we will call to the stand Mr. A. G. Pratt, President of the Babcock-Wilcox Company, who is also a director in a number of great corporations which, with their factories, may be said to encircle the globe. In a letter to the writer under date of November 10, 1938, Mr. Pratt states:

It is unfortunate that too few inventors live long enough to see their inventions put to actual and practical use and that too frequently they do not receive the credit due them for their advanced thinking and developments. Rumsey's invention of the water tube boiler is a very striking example of these facts. He doubtless thought of it as important for the particular purpose for which it was designed and possibly of use to a rather limited extent. He could not foresee the tremendous increase which would later take place in the production and use of mechanical power nor the fact that without developments such as his there could be no such thing as power as we know it today. It is surprising how little the general public knows about what makes the wheels go round, and everybody knows a little about engines, turbines and motors but too few know that the beginning and very heart of the power plant is the boiler. When it is recognized that Rumsey made his invention in 1788 and that it was one hundred years later before water tube boilers came into anything like general use it will be seen how far in advance of his time Rumsey was. I am very glad the Maryland Historical Society and the Jefferson County (West Virginia) Society are about to honor one whose invention means so much today to practically every individual in every civilized country.

Bearing in mind that James Watt is the father of the *fire-tube* boiler and that his invention, patented just prior to Rumsey's design, is world famous, let us call to the stand Professor Hoxton: "Nowadays," wrote Dr. Hoxton, "it is, in a sense, axiomatic with mechanical engineers that water-tube boilers are the best we have for large steam plants and plants worked at very high pressures. Further, the modern trend in engineering is toward higher and higher pressures in steam because that means greater fuel economy. The water-tube boiler is a vital adjunct of all high pressure steam plants ashore and afloat."

The third witness to be called to testify on behalf of Rumsey is Allan W. Stirling, who has stated in *Transactions of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers,* Volume VI, p. 601, (1884-85):

> The first water-tube boiler recorded was made by a contemporary of Watt, William Blakey, in 1766. He arranged several tubes in a furnace, alternately inclined at opposite angles, and connected their contiguous ends by smaller pipes. *But the first successful user of such boilers was James Rumsey, an American inventor.* In 1788 he patented in England several forms of boilers, among them one having a fire-box with flat watersides and top, across which were horizontal water tubes within a cylindrical fire-box, connected at its two ends with the surrounding annular water space. Another form in the same patent was the vertical tubular boiler, as at present made.

That John Fitch, Rumsey's embittered American contemporary, or any others, experimented with some form of water-tube boiler is wholly beside the point in so far as Rumsey is concerned. While several individuals had, at one time or another, tried to adapt or construct certain types of water-tube boilers, the fact remains that Rumsey was awarded the first patents in Great Britain and America; and, say the scientists, who ought to know, such definitive documentary evidence establishes Rumsey's claim beyond dispute or cavil.

It is of further interest that the awarding of the patent to Rumsey was approved in writing by James Watt, whose fire-tube boiler has far less value today than the water-tube variety—an outcome that was hardly suspected by Watt

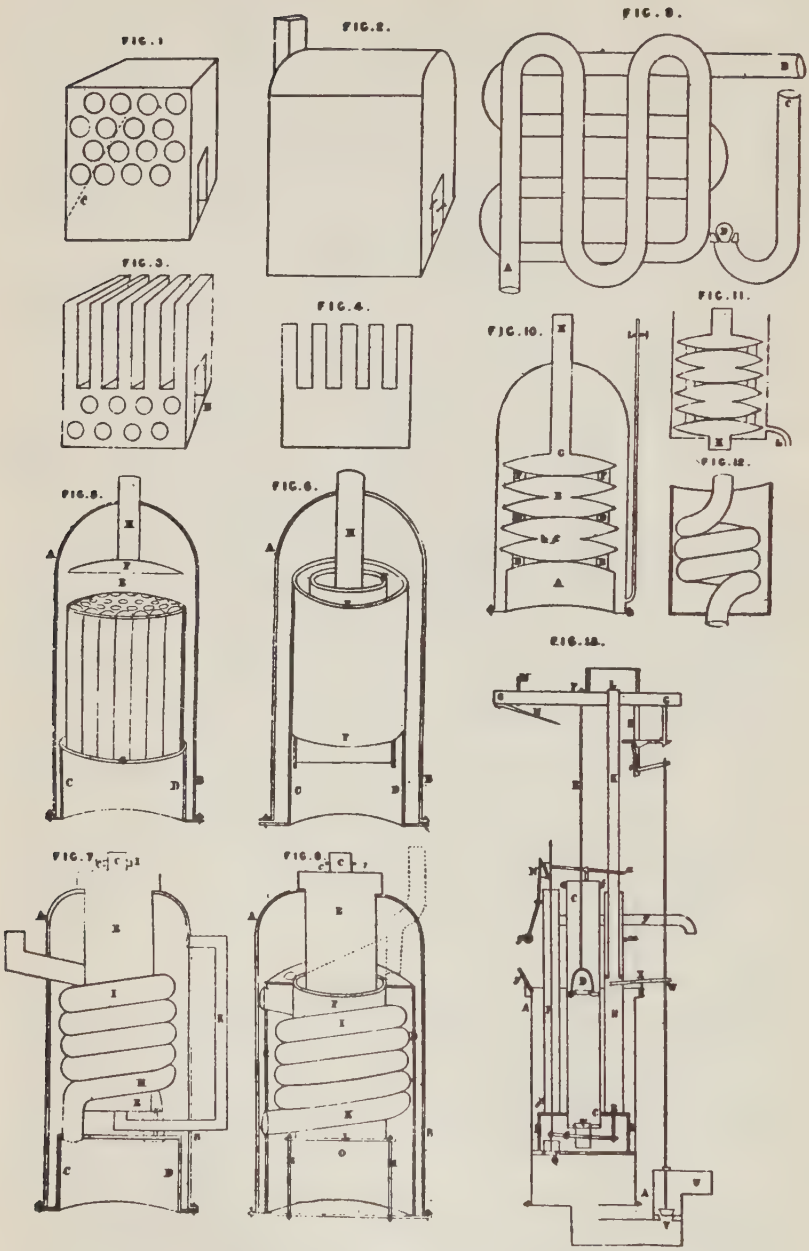
at the time and possibly not by Rumsey, *although the latter foresaw, in some degree at least, the modern need for heat conservation,* as shown below. Therefore, these several patents should, from now on, write James Rumsey's name high in the Hall of Fame, not only as a peer of James Watt but as the leading American inventor of the eighteenth century, if we judge his product by present standards of usefulness to science and society.

With respect to details as to what may be called Rumsey's associated patents, Thomson King, a fourth witness of scientific attainments, may be called to the stand, who, after a careful study of the photostat of the London patents wrote, under date of December 6, 1938, that Rumsey:

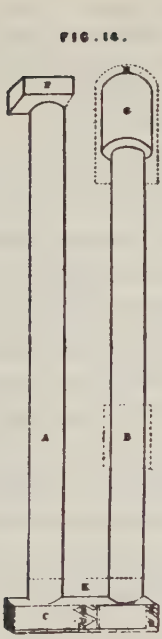
Establishes a clearly worded claim for the use of an economizer, which is also used in modern practice in all large power plants. In this device, the feed water, before it enters the boiler, is heated by the waste gases leaving the boiler proper. I quote from page 2, beginning at line 12: "Thirdly, in employing the heated air and smoak after it has been applied to the boiler to warm the vapor or fluids intended to be evaporated previous to their entering the boiler." He again refers to this pre-heating of feed water by waste gases on page 3, line 28, as follows: "In both the preceding cases, the chimney is made with a double flue, between which fluid to feed the boiler descends to obtain a previous heat."

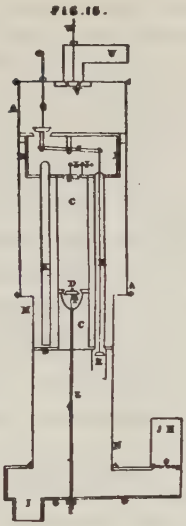
On page 2, line 18, we find the following: "Fifthly, in some cases (either mediately or immediately) by evaporating one fluid by heating it with or passing it through another, or through any substances (as wax, rossinous bodies, or lead) brought into a fluid state." This seems to foreshadow a modern practice in which a fluid of a high boiling point is heated and used to evaporate another fluid of a lower boiling point. Whether this was an original idea at the time the patent was applied for, I cannot say.

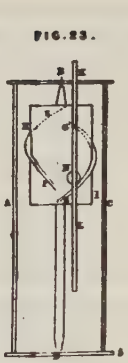
In the next sentence we find something that might be construed as foreshadowing the very extensive practice of the present time of using the heat which remains in the steam after it has been used to drive an engine or turbine for some other useful operation. It seems probable that this might have been an absolutely new idea at the time Rumsey filed his patent. The claim is as follows: Page 2, line 21—"Sixthly, in connecting the receivers of my stills or boilers with common stills, and causing the vapor rising from them to act upon vessels moveable within the receivers, with such power as to give or assist in giving motion to sugar mills, or to raise water, grind grain, or any other necessary purposes, after which the vapor passes into the still worm, and is condensed as usual without receiving damage or waste. . . ."

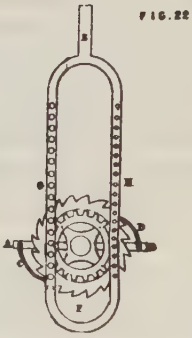


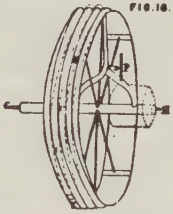
Copy of Rumsey's Specification, A. D. 1788, Nov. 6, 1673.

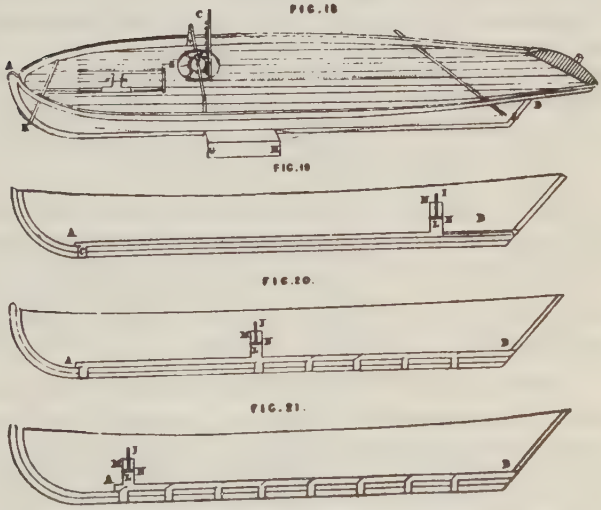












—London: Printed by George Edward Eyre and William Spottiswoode. Printers to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty. 1854.

The application shows that Rumsey was an inventive genius and pioneer who was concerned not only with the application of steam to the propulsion of boats, but who was ambitious to design boilers and engines to cover the whole application of steam to useful work and whose ideas ran far ahead of the general practices of his day and time.

Although the witnesses already called on behalf of Rumsey have given sufficient testimony to read his title clear, it is especially fitting to close with the carefully weighed estimate presented at the dedication of the bridge overlooking the stream upon which "Crazy Rumsey" achieved the success that led Benjamin Franklin and others to send him across the Atlantic where today boilers of this "ingenious mechanic" generate the power to propel the transatlantic liners of the twentieth century!

On this occasion, an international note was sounded by Captain John W. Taylor, the duly appointed representative of the British Empire. Prevented, in these days of stress and war's alarms, from attending this ceremonial of peace, Captain Taylor wrote:

In Great Britain we honour James Rumsey as the originator of the water-tube boiler, an invention which has contributed greatly to the advance of civilization, and is still in use by the Royal Navy and the British Merchant Marine today. It is fitting that this public memorial to him should have been erected at the spot where in 1787 he demonstrated the practicability of steam navigation. May I offer my congratulations to Shepherdstown in once again taking the initiative as her frontiersmen did in the past. Long may The James Rumsey Bridge stand as a tribute to this great pioneer, and as a bond uniting Maryland and the Virginias to the greater prosperity of all.

From Captain Taylor's letter it may be seen that while physically the James Rumsey Bridge unites Maryland and the Virginias, it is also a spiritual link between Shepherdstown and the metropolis of the British Commonwealth of Nations!

The dedicatory address was delivered by Rear Admiral Russell Randolph Waesche, representing, as it were, Maryland and the United States, who aptly summarized Rumsey's achievements. Admiral Waesche said, in part:

Bridges, like ships, mean more when they bear a name, and particularly at such a historical spot as this does the name which has been

so appropriately bestowed upon this structure carry with it an appeal to the instincts of us who wish to pay tribute to the memory of a genius and inventor and a public benefactor—James Rumsey, one whom both Marylanders and West Virginians may claim as their own. Born in Maryland, he later in life came to Virginia (now West Virginia), and in the water in the region of this bridge he carried on his experiments for propulsion of vessels by steam power.

Many of our people when thinking of steamboats generally recognize Robert Fulton as the inventor, but today, as we carefully turn back pages of history we find that in September 1784—23 years before Fulton's demonstration of the steamboat—Rumsey, while living at Bath, West Virginia, (now Berkeley Springs) exhibited to George Washington a model of a mechanical boat—not a steamboat, but a streamboat— which was intended to go against the current of rapid waters only. Washington commended Rumsey for his invention, but Rumsey soon turned his attention to experimenting with a steamboat and never perfected his streamboat. It was in the following November that he saw President Washington and confided to him his plan of using steam as a means of boat propulsion. Rumsey was thus the first to direct his talent and energy toward relieving man of the manual labor necessary to the propulsion of boats through the water; while sails could be used on seas and on bays, on the inland waters resort had to be made to manual man power. While the principle involved in the steam engine goes back to 130 years B. C. and its development is associated with names such as Savery and Watt, it was the pioneering spirit of Rumsey which directed attention toward the possibility of propulsion of boats by steam power. The skeptical public viewed his ideas with ridicule. However, he proceeded with his work with the unfaltering faith that the steamboat was within the realm of practical use. After spending much time in perfecting his boat, and after making several private trials of it, finally on December 3, 1787 Rumsey exhibited here, on the Potomac at this spot, Shepherdstown, a boat propelled by streams of water forced out through the stern by a force pump operated by a steam engine. The exhibition was a complete triumph for the inventor, and those who had previously heaped ridicule upon him praised him as a great genius. On December 11, 1787, Rumsey made a second and even more successful trial of his boat, and it is of interest to mention that the speed of the boat during the trials—4 miles an hour —was regarded at that time as an amazing speed.

Of Rumsey's work in London, Admiral Waesche observed:

The water-tube boiler invented by Rumsey is now used universally—and although nearly a century and a half have passed since he invented it, today the water-tube boiler is the means by which steam plants on shore and afloat find their source of power. As Edison has given us the incandescent lamp, so has Rumsey given us the means of producing power for moving the wheels of commerce and industry.

Those of us who have spent part of our lives aboard ships are constantly reminded of the great contribution of Rumsey to marine transportation which has made such strides through the years in the way of different means of converting steam into power. I remember my early service aboard the old Revenue Cutter PERRY which operated on the Pacific Coast and in Alaskan waters. The means of propulsion was a single direct acting engine with steam power from a fire-tube boiler of 50-60 pounds pressure. Today similar vessels of the Coast Guard use pressures of 425 pounds. For marine purposes pressures in excess of 1200 pounds are contemplated and in power station work this practice is common-place. Along with these pressures go an increase in the temperature of the steam to 750-900 degrees, which is made practicable by the use of water-tube boilers, an invention of Mr. Rumsey, a native of this section of the country. . . . James Rumsey looked ahead to the future, not for gain for himself, but for mankind generally; his knowledge, talents, and ingenuity were directed to giving to the world inventions which would serve to improve the means of marine transportation. He succeeded, not only in that field, but in his invention of the water-tube boiler universally used ashore and afloat generating steam power. The knowledge of this great son of Maryland and West Virginia finds itself touching upon the lives of all of us in one form or another. It was here at this spot that he found inspiration to carry on his work and gave the first demonstration of the propulsion of a boat by steam. How appropriate it is that this bridge connecting the shores of two States in which he lived, and overlooking the scene of his steamboat trials, should be named in his honor. This bridge upon its dedication today as "The James Rumsey Bridge" is thus endowed with a heritage of memory of one of the world's greatest inventors and benefactors.

On this unimpeachable evidence we may rest the case of James Rumsey, confident that Clio will instruct the jury of historians to render a verdict establishing his claims to a place among the world's great inventor-benefactors.

The Jones-Imboden Raid*

By Festus P. Summers

For sheer boldness of planning and audacity of execution the raids of Jones and Imboden rank high in Confederate military annals. The accomplishments of Jones's cavalry in the face of great odds compare favorably with more publicized cavalry achievements of the Civil War. The strategy involved in these colorful advances into northwestern Virginia in the spring of 1863 belong properly to military history. Yet the purpose of the campaign is clear and may be explained in a few words.

The Confederates aimed to destroy all the bridges and trestling on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, from Oakland, Maryland, to Grafton; "to defeat and capture Union forces at Beverly, Philippi, and Buckhannon"; to overthrow the reorganized state government at Wheeling; to recruit men for the Confederate service; and to collect supplies, particularly horses, cattle, and grain.[1]

Confederate authorities were hopeful that their forces could hold northwestern Virginia permanently or at least for such time as would permit the destruction of the greater part of the Baltimore and Ohio west of the Alleghenies.[2] They also believed that the shifting of Southern troops north would draw the Federals out of Winchester and thereby reopen the lower Shenandoah Valley to their own quartermasters and recruiting officers.[3]

The plan originated in the fertile brain of Brigadier General John D. Imboden. On March 2, 1863, he submit-

*Parts of this article have been published in the author's, *The Baltimore and Ohio in the Civil War*, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1939.

[1] *The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, 70 vols. in 128 books (Washington, 1880-1901), XXV, pt. 2, 652, 685, 710-712.

[2] *Ibid.*, 652-653.

[3] *Ibid.*, 685.

ted a tentative draft of a campaign to General Lee for approval. It called for the movement of 2,500 men of his own command in two columns from Staunton. One column would march over the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike, the other over the Northwestern Turnpike.

There was also to be a covering force. Brigadier General William E. Jones was to move with his command of mixed arms, also wintering in the middle Valley region, against Romney, New Creek, and Cumberland. Imboden believed that while Jones feinted at these points, a detachment of his own cavalry could move through Moorefield, strike the railroad at Oakland, and then destroy the important Cheat River railroad bridge at Rowlesburg. Meanwhile the infantry, artillery, and the remaining squadrons of his cavalry could march to Beverly, capture Philippi, and occupy Grafton.[4]

General Lee approved the plan, and both Imboden and Jones made their troops ready to move with the nod of spring. But the roads dried slowly as the Confederates waited. During this delay, Lee, Jones, and Imboden exchanged opinions on details of the campaign. Jones did not relish a minor part in the expedition and asked for a major role.[5] Lee granted his request.

It was agreed that Imboden would move his entire force in a single column against Beverly, Philippi, and Grafton, while Jones would press forward to Moorefield, gain the Northwestern Turnpike, and smash the Baltimore and Ohio bridges at Oakland and Rowlesburg.[6] The revised plan contemplated simultaneous attacks on the railroad at Oakland and Grafton.[7]

The time of departure was set for April 15, 1863. While Jones's command waited at New Market, a dispatch arrived from General Lee warning that the Federal cavalry leader Stoneman was marching from the Rappahannock toward a gap of the Blue Ridge. Next day, however, the

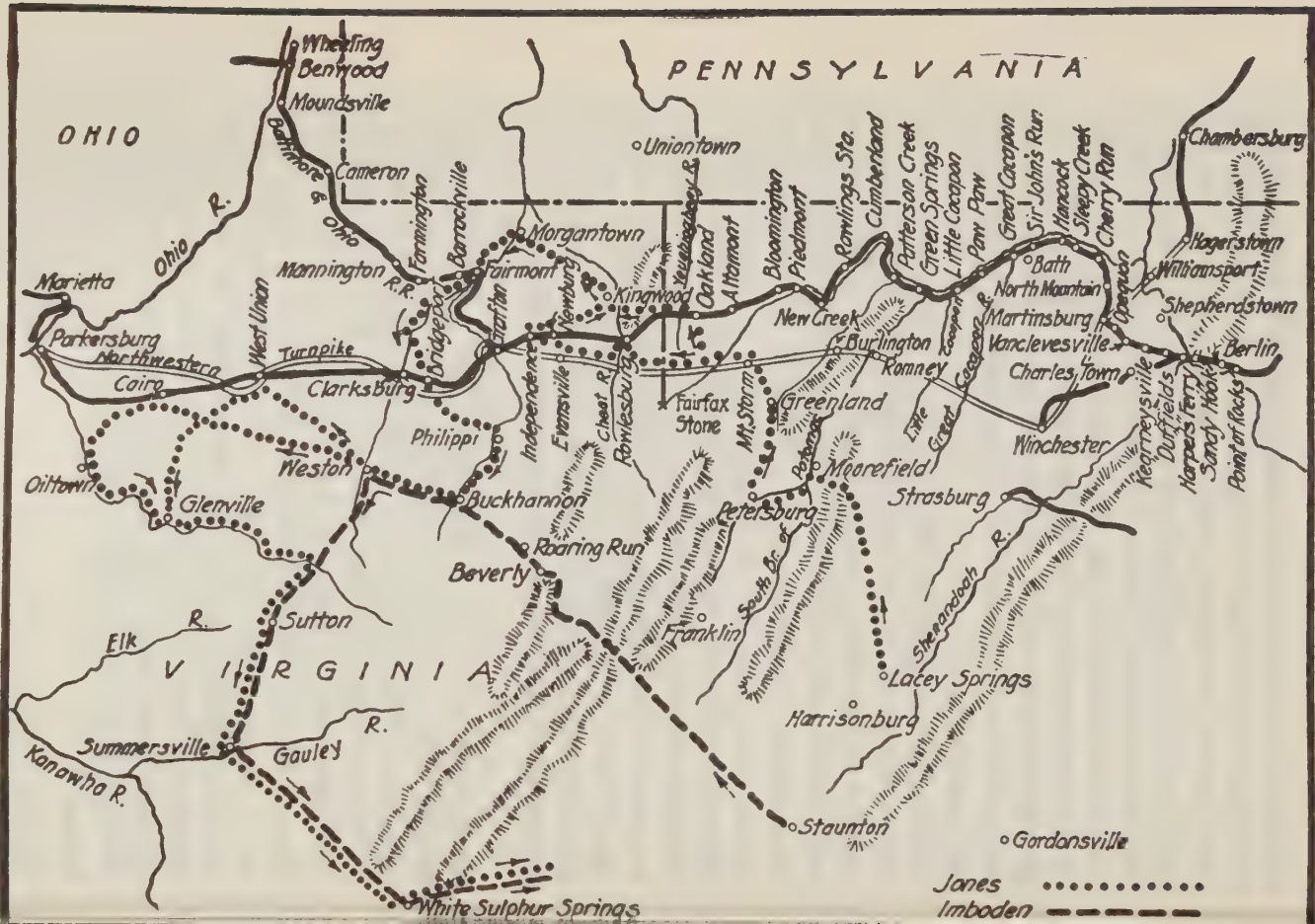
[4] *Ibid.*, 652, 684-685.
[5] *Ibid.*, 710-711.
[6] *Ibid.*, 710-712.
[7] *Ibid.*, pt. 1, 119.

threatened danger from the east passed and the blanket of snow that had covered the ground lifted. Fields were already green. Spring had come. "The sound of the ringing anvil is heard all day long, and unusually large supplies of horseshoes are here,"[8] wrote a youthful Confederate soldier in his diary. On April 17, sackbags were issued, and many of the men drew new clothing. Next day the cavalry saddled up and marched to Harrisonburg. All of Jones's army was quickly concentrated in camps between Harrisonburg and Lacey Spring.

General Lee gave the word to march within the week, and on April 21 Jones ordered his whole force to assemble at Brocks Gap. His army consisted of the Seventh, Eleventh, and Twelfth regiments, White's, Brown's, and Witcher's battalions, all cavalry, with small units of infantry and artillery attached. Only the higher officers knew the destination of the expedition. Even after reaching the point of rendezvous the men knew not what their objective was, and the command was rife with speculation and rumor. It was not until April 22, when the troops crossed the mountain into the Lost River Valley, that the much-guessed direction of the campaign was disclosed.[9]

During the first day's march the rain poured and the roads were a quagmire. Because of the steady downpour and the bad roads, the expedition did not reach Moorefield until late in the afternoon of Thursday, April 23. Already the South Branch of the Potomac was too high to cross. Next morning that stream was out of its banks, and the prospect of a prolonged delay prompted the Confederates to try crossing upstream. Jones accordingly sent his artillery and infantry back to the Shenandoah and ordered his cavalry to move to Petersburg. There that afternoon the Confederates crossed the river, but at the peril of the lives of both horse and rider. One man and several horses drowned.[10]

[8] *The Diary of William L. Wilson*, April 19, 1863 (MS). In temporary possession of writer.
[9] *Ibid.*, April 22, 1863.
[10] *O. R.*, *XXV*, pt. 1, 116.



PENNSYLVANIA
OHIO
VIRGINIA
Wheeling
Benwood
Moundsville
Cameron
Baltimore & Ohio R.R.
Ohio R.
Marietta
Parkersburg
Northwestern
Cairo
West Union
Turnpike
Clarksburg
Mannington
Farmington
Barrackville
Bridgeport
Grafton
Fairmont
Morgantown
Newburg
Independence
Evansville
Cheat R.
Rowlesburg
Kingwood
Yeughiogheny R.
Oakland
Altamont
Uniontown
Bloomington
Piedmont
Rawlings Sta.
Cumberland
Patterson Creek
Green Springs
Little Cacapon
Paw Paw
Great Cacapon
Sir John's Run
Hancock
Sleepy Creek
Cherry Run
Bath
North Mountain
Martinsburg
Vanclevesville
Opequon
Chambersburg
Hagerstown
Williamsport
Shepherdstown
Berlin
Charles Town
Winchester
Kearneysville
Duffields
Harpers Ferry
Sandy Hook
Point of Rocks
New Creek
Burlington
Romney
Cacapon R.
Little Cacapon
Great Cacapon
Greenland
Mt. Storm
Fairfax Stone
Potomac
Moorefield
Petersburg
South Br. of Potomac
Strasburg
Shenandoah R.
Lacey Springs
Harrisonburg
Staunton
Gordonsville
Philippi
Weston
Buckhannon
Roaring Run
Beverly
Franklin
Oiltown
Glenville
Sutton
Elk R.
Summersville
Gauley R.
Kanawha R.
White Sulphur Springs
Jones
Imboden

On Saturday, April 25, Jones took the road leading to the Northwestern Turnpike. He met stiff opposition at Greenland Gap but after a sharp fight captured the small force of Federals which there opposed him.[11] His men then continued their ascent of the Alleghenies. Marching all night they reached the North Branch of the Potomac after daylight. Soon after crossing that stream the Confederate commander divided his force. He sent Colonel Asher W. Harman with the Twelfth regiment, White's and Brown's battalions, and McNeill's Partisan Rangers to operate on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which Harman was ordered to cut. He was directed to occupy Oakland, destroy the railroad bridges there, then proceed into Preston and Monongalia counties. With the main body Jones marched toward Rowlesburg where the Baltimore and Ohio crossed the Cheat River. Since the beginning of the war the Confederates had planned without success to cut the railroad at this point. "The rupture of the railroad at Cheat River would be worth to us an army,"[12] said Robert E. Lee in 1861. Jones arrived at Rowlesburg early in the afternoon of Sunday, April 26.[13]

The Cheat River viaduct, a magnificent and costly structure, was guarded by two hundred and fifty members of the Sixth (West) Virginia Volunteer Infantry.[14] The disposition of the defending troops had been predetermined by piles of logs and crossties at each end of the bridge and by positions of vantage on the steep hills.

The situation which confronted the Confederate commander suggested no alternative to the costly one of assault. He ordered the Sixth Virginia Cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel John Shac Green, to move forward and drive the Federals from their works. With the

[11] William N. McDonald, *A History of the Laurel Brigade; Originally The Ashby Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia and Chew's Battery* (Baltimore, 1907), 121-122. The Federal force consisted of 86 men from parts of Co. G, 23rd Ill., Captain Martin Wallace, and Co. A, 14th (W.) Va., Captain Jacob Smith [John Bigelow, Jr., *The Campaign of Chancellorsville; A Strategic and Tactical Study* (New Haven, 1910), 462.]

[12] *O. R.*, II, 239.

[13] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 115-118.

[14] *Ibid.*, 117. Lang states there were but 250 men [Theodore F. Lang, *Loyal West Virginia from 1861 to 1865* (Baltimore, 1895), 260].

aid of sharpshooters from the Seventh and Eleventh regiments, Colonel Green dismounted his men and attacked.[15]

The effort was a feeble one and the Federal fire was hot. The attack therefore failed. Further effort appeared suicidal, and the Confederates made no second attempt. Finally, late in the afternoon they mounted and withdrew. Jones had received no word from Imboden, although he himself was within a single day's ride from Grafton. He therefore regained the Northwestern Turnpike.

Events of comparative insignificance now passed in quick succession. Jones's squadrons arrived at Evansville in the forenoon of April 27. They spent much of the day destroying the small railroad bridges at Independence and both rolling stock and stationary railroad property at Newburg. Jones tried to make contact with Imboden but his patrols gathered not a word concerning that general's whereabouts. Nor did they obtain more than rumor on the strength and disposition of the Federals. The Confederate commander however gave no heed to the uncertainty of the situation and again resumed march.

This time Jones wheeled north; he reached Kingwood at night, tarried in the town momentarily, then pushed out on the Morgantown-Kingwood Turnpike. He did not halt his command until midnight, which hour found both horse and rider too weary to proceed farther. Although deep in enemy territory, the Confederate commander posted neither picket nor vidette. All hands dismounted and fell upon the ground.[16]

It was a short night. About four o'clock in the morning the Confederate camp was aroused by the approach of cavalry. It happily proved to be Harman's force returning to join the main body.

This detachment had carried out its instructions to the letter. It had cut both railroad and telegraph at Altamont and Oakland, and demolished the railroad bridges and cul-

[15] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 127-128; Genevieve Brown, *A History of the Sixth Regiment, West Virginia Infantry Volunteers* [West Virginia University Master's Thesis (MS)], 30-31.

[16] *Wilson Diary*, April 28, 1863.

verts at Cranberry Summit, now Terra Alta. But because of the delay at Greenland it had reached the railroad too late to capture a westbound train filled with Federal officers. It had, however, overrun much of the country to the Pennsylvania border and picked up prisoners.

Harman's force struck with a swiftness that baffled both soldier and civilian. At Oakland, the surprise was complete. The Twelfth Virginia Cavalry entered the town about 11 A. M., April 26. Both soldier and citizen were on their way to church. Those in uniform were immediately made prisoners, then paroled.[17]

Harman carried instructions not only to destroy railroad property and to capture Union soldiers but also to pick up all likely cavalry horses in his path. His command deployed widely and overran the greater part of Preston County from Kingwood to the Pennsylvania border. It also swept into the strongly pro-Union county of Monongalia and entered Morgantown.

All along the Confederates encountered the bushwhacker. In the afternoon of April 27, as Harman's advance guard neared Morgantown three shots rang out from the wooded hillside below. Captain W. I. Raisin's horse fell dead leaving its rider uninjured.

In a flash Raisin's comrades dropped their reins and dismounted. They soon came out of the woods with three captives, all of whom proved to be highly respected local citizens. Tradition has it that they were on a squirrel hunt that Monday afternoon and were led by sheer impulse to the fate that here ensnared them.

A drum court speedily passed sentence and a firing squad led the men off. A half dozen carbines sounded from a ravine nearby, and the gray troopers resumed march. But one of the doomed had a lucky star. At the lethal command he fell to the ground in the split second that intervened before the rifles crashed. Thinking their

[17]George Baylor, *Bull Run to Bull Run; Or, Four Years in the Army of Northern Virginia* (Richmond, 1900), 137ff.

work well done, the Confederate executioners hurried away without discovering their mistake.[18]

Harman's men entered Morgantown within an hour after this event. The inhabitants had received advance information of the raid and had driven off their livestock to Pennsylvania or had concealed it in wooded land. They had not, however, received correct intelligence concerning Confederate strength and had armed themselves with a view to defending the town. But there was no bloodshed. Under a flag of truce a delegation of officers from Harman's staff advanced and without great effort persuaded the assembled citizenry of their orderly intentions and of the futility of defense. Those who had taken up arms now laid them down in the court house.[19] Harman's troops, 1,000 strong, marched into town, and for several hours occupied it. The United States flag in the courthouse square was of course hauled down and a Confederate flag raised in its stead. There was no general looting of property. True, the Confederates helped themselves at the stores, but at counters kept by those with moderate opinions they offered Confederate paper money. Meanwhile, other Confederates scoured the country for horses and cattle.

The day was a gala one for the invaders. Many drank freely at local bars and not a few were made unfit for duty from excessive use of liquor. Others were content to enjoy the mild ribaldry of chiding civilians on the streets, and the romantic-minded tried hard to conciliate the ladies. But they tried in vain, for when asked to sing or play Dixie tunes Morgantown women struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," "Hooker is Our Leader," or some other song of current national interest.[20] This hilarity lasted until sunset when the Confederate officers assembled their units and retraced their steps toward Kingwood. It was they who disturbed the repose of the main body in the early morning of April 28.

---

[18] *Wilson Diary*, April 27, 1863; *O. R. XXV*, pt. 1, 126; John Bayles to writer, May 16, 1938. The Confederates were apparently apprised of their mistake later, perhaps next day. In making their reports Confederate officers mention only two men.
[19] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 126; Bigelow, *op. cit.*, 465.
[20] Bigelow, *op. cit.*, 465.

Jones's path lay through Morgantown, and again its inhabitants were to witness an invasion. On the second visit on Tuesday, April 28, however, the Confederates took the population by surprise and as a result captured many head of horses and cattle that had been driven off but a few days before. In fact farmers had come to town to get news of the Confederate occupation of the preceding day and the horses they rode became easy prize for the invaders. Good evidence of the astonishment with which Jones's whole army must have been received is found in an account written at the time. A Confederate cavalryman makes this vivid comment in his diary for April 28, 1863: "Whole command started back to Morgantown which we reached about noon, much to the disgust of the Yankee population there who were court-martialing a fellow citizen for alleged intercourse with us yesterday."[21]

Although Jones's men again overran the countryside and once more spent a full half day in Morgantown, their demeanor comported with the best usage of war. Again the Confederates took freely from the stores and offered only their cheap currency. But the Confederate officers took special pains to prevent looting and even posted guards at saloon doors to keep their men sober. Before sundown Jones's men crossed the Monongahela on the suspension bridge and in the green fields of Westover grazed their horses until dark. They then rode off into the night toward Fairmont, their second important military objective.

There the Confederate commander was to meet with success that had been denied him at Rowlesburg. He not only captured four hundred Union soldiers but also repulsed an attacking force that had come down from Grafton to defend the railroad bridge. With all opposition removed, Jones spent the day at Fairmont. There his men, alternating with powder and wrecking tools, all of which had been carried with the expedition for bridge, tunnel, and track demolition, succeeded late in the afternoon in

[21] *Wilson Diary*, April 28, 1863.

throwing the three spans of the costly Baltimore and Ohio bridge into the river. They destroyed sawmills and a gunstock factory, and burned to ashes Governor Francis H. Pierpont's library. They also continued their search for horses and cattle, and many a farm they visited in the Fairmont neighborhood. Jones did not resume march until dark.[32]

His route lay up the West Fork. He knew full well that he was moving straight into the muzzles of Federal rifles at Clarksburg but he did not change his course until he had contacted the Union outguards. The raiders then made a detour and struck the Northwestern Virginia Railroad at Bridgeport. On April 30, they there captured a company of Federal soldiers, made sixteen civilian railroad employees prisoners, destroyed a train, and burned the bridges and trestles.[33]

The Southern cavalry then moved on. Next day as it approached Philippi, Jones made plans to relieve his troops of the heavy duty of caring for the captured animals which on May 1, 1863, numbered perhaps 1,000 head of cattle and probably as many horses. He accordingly concluded to send cattle and led horses direct to the Shenandoah Valley. For convoy he dispatched Harman with a part of the Sixth Regiment. With the main body he marched toward Buckhannon where later that day he was to learn that the co-operating Confederate force under Imboden was camped.[34]

Imboden had left Shenandoah Mountain on April 20, a day before Jones's departure from Lacey Spring. By forced marches his army of 3,300, chiefly infantry, had pressed forward on the Staunton and Parkersburg Turnpike to Beverly.[35] There on April 24, 1863, the Confeder-

[32] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 113-114, 118, 120, 122-123; *Thirty-Seventh Annual Report of the President and Directors to the Stockholders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company* (Baltimore, 1864), 46; Wheeling *Intelligencer*, May 6, 1863.

[33] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 119, 133; Letter Book, II, 25 (June 8, 1863), *The Papers of Edwin M. Stanton* (Library of Congress).

[34] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 119.

[35] Imboden had 1,825 men on April 20 but next day being reinforced at Hightown his number swelled to about 3,365, of which about 700 were cavalry. General Lee sent him the 25th and 31st Virginia regiments of infantry (Bigelow, *op. cit.*, 124, 460).

ates surprised a Federal force but failed to capture it.[36] Imboden had sent out cavalry reconnaissances to contact Jones's column but had not met with success.

Imboden next marched toward Buckhannon. At the end of the first day, however, he received erroneous intelligence that Colonel James A. Mulligan's Federal force which was east of the Alleghenies but a few days previously had arrived at Philippi. Not unnaturally he guessed that Jones had failed to cut the railroad according to plan. At any rate Imboden believed that his army was in danger of being cut off and he counter-marched toward Beverly. Finally, on April 28, upon learning that Mulligan was at Grafton, he again moved forward and on April 29, entered Buckhannon.

He waited here for Jones to join him. Meanwhile detachments from his command raided the countryside gathering recruits, animals, rations, and forage.

The Confederate leaders immediately agreed upon a common objective. They laid plans to capture Clarksburg. As a first step, on May 3, they shifted their forces to Weston. Imboden called in his raiders and Jones dispatched runners to Beverly to bring back Harman's convoy.

Both commands waited in comfort. So tranquil in fact was Weston on Sunday, May 4, 1863, that the invaders played ball upon the public grounds which there surrounded Virginia's hospital for the insane.[37] But it was not long until Jones and Imboden received news of the arrival of Federal reinforcements at Clarksburg. This caused them to revise their plans. It was decided that Imboden should march south with his own wagon trains and livestock. Jones was to renew his operations against the Baltimore and Ohio.

This indefatigable soldier had all in readiness by May 6. Again he detached Harman. This time he sent him with two regiments and a battalion to break the Northwestern

[36] *Ibid.*, 461.
[37] For a full account of the Confederate occupation of Weston, *see* Roy Bird Cook, *Lewis County in the Civil War 1861-1865* (Charleston, W. Va., 1924), 62ff.

Virginia Railroad at West Union. Jones himself led the main body westward on the Staunton and Parkersburg pike with a view to striking the railroad near its western terminus at Parkersburg.

Harman captured some ninety members of the railroad guard at West Union and burned two railroad bridges in the vicinity.[28] Jones was even more successful. He captured the Federal guard at Cairo, burned three bridges, and so damaged a tunnel that it was unfit for use. He then led his men from the railroad and marched to Oiltown, the center of the Burning Springs oil field. There on May 9, 1863, his forces completely demolished the equipment and burned oil estimated at 150,000 barrels. In his report to General Robert E. Lee, Jones emphasized the picturesqueness of the scene which followed the explosions: "By dark the oil from the tanks on the burning creek had reached the river, and the whole stream became a sheet of fire. A burning river, carrying destruction to our merciless enemy, was a scene of magnificence that might well carry joy to every patriotic heart. . . ."[29]

This act marked the end of Jones's operations in the vicinity of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He moved south first to Glenville, then to Sutton, and finally joined Imboden at Summersville. The two armies withdrew leisurely across the Alleghenies, reaching the Valley about the middle of May.

While neither had achieved all that was intended, each had served the Confederacy well. In his report to General Lee, Jones stated that although his men had killed and wounded but few of the enemy, they had captured nearly seven hundred with small arms and one piece of artillery; destroyed two railway trains, sixteen railroad bridges, a tunnel, a large amount of oil field equipment, and 150,000 barrels of oil. He also reported the procurement of 1,000 head of cattle and 1,200 horses, all of which were sorely needed for the spring campaign. Imboden destroyed less

[28] *O. R., XXV*, pt. 1, 119-120.
[29] *Ibid.*, 120.

enemy property but enlisted a few recruits and garnered a large amount of supplies, including horses, cattle, grain, and forage. General Lee expressed belief that the ultimate effect of the raids would be to induce the United States "to keep troops to guard the railroad who might be otherwise employed against us."[30]

These movements had been prosecuted in the face of great odds and attendant uncertainties. In addition to Brigadier General Benjamin F. Kelley's division of 10,000 men which was dispersed along the Baltimore and Ohio from Harpers Ferry to the Ohio River at the time Jones and Imboden left the Valley, there were approximately 3,000 Federals at Beverly and Buckhannon and perhaps an even greater number in the Great Kanawha Valley. Parts of Major General Robert H. Milroy's command at Winchester were detached and sent to Clarksburg as the raids reached high tide.[31] Major General Ambrose E. Burnside ordered such troops as he could spare from the Department of the Ohio to move by rail to Marietta and Bellaire.[32] He even obtained the co-operation of the navy which caused two gunboats to cruise speedily from the lower Ohio toward Parkersburg.[33] Militiamen were called to active duty in western Pennsylvania, northwestern Virginia, and eastern Ohio counties. Their main points of rendezvous were Pittsburgh, Uniontown, Wheeling, and Bellaire.[34] Some were quickly sent forward to Fairmont, Grafton, and Clarksburg.[35] In view of the fact that Major General Robert C. Schenck, commander of the Middle Department, had approximately 45,000 men available for duty when the raids began,[36] it is not improbable that by May 9, 1863, the day Jones left the railroad but twenty miles short of Parkersburg, the Federal forces in northwestern Virginia exceeded 25,000 men.

[30] *Ibid.*, 121.
[31] *Ibid.*, pt. 2, 442, 453.
[32] *Ibid.*, 285-286, 299, 300.
[33] *Ibid.*, 299.
[34] *Ibid.*, 279, 295.
[35] *Ibid.*, 428-429; Wheeling *Intelligencer*, April 29, 1863.
[36] *O. R.*, *XXV*, pt. 2, 295. Bigelow, however, states that the consolidated morning report of April 30, 1863, shows that Schenck had but 34,297 men available for duty (Bigelow, *op. cit.*, 467).

The strategy and tactics of the Confederates on the other hand caused such confusion and bewilderment that the United States forces shifted helplessly. By cutting the railroad and the telegraph at many points, Jones's men made Federal concentration slow and difficult; by dividing and scattering their own forces they magnified their real strength; and by threatening numerous points simultaneously they prevented the Federals from uniting against them. In short, they concealed their strength and their designs so successfully and moved with such skill and rapidity that their opponents were kept on the defensive throughout the campaign.

In fact, the Federals did little to add to the glory of Union arms. Even the valiant stand of the two hundred and fifty at the Cheat River Bridge turned into a fiasco. Two days after the event this detachment became completely demoralized and beat a rapid retreat north. The grim humor in the situation was the fact that they fancied they were fleeing from the Confederates when in reality they were actually following them; for, on April 29, the last enemy horseman had hardly disappeared up the Fairmont road when this Union detachment entered Morgantown.[87]

The Federals were not stayed by knowledge that danger had passed. They pushed rapidly on to Uniontown and thence to Pittsburgh, where they took boats to Wheeling. With adequate supplies, sufficient ammunition, unsurpassed shelter, and the recent success to bolster their morale, they had simply been stampeded by the deep solitude of the Cheat River canyon. The only sound explanation advanced by their commander was the plausible one that supplies were low.[88]

Yet Federal high command could bring this officer to account with but poor grace; in the same week that this episode marred the record of a few brave men, another Federal officer, Brigadier General Benjamin S. Roberts,

[87] Wheeling *Intelligencer*, May 6, 1863.
[88] *O. R.*, *XXV*, pt. 2, 482.

held his force of 4,000 men in Clarksburg while 2,500 Confederates leisurely occupied the neighboring town of Bridgeport, cut the Union line of communication with the east, and drove off livestock. When the Federal garrison at Clarksburg had been increased to 6,000 bayonets the same officer made no effort to move, although for days the Confederates remained in easy striking distance at Weston.

But there were compensations. Not only did the raids hold up to light the incompetency of certain Union commanders; they also pointed the need of highly mobile troops for defense. As a result, cavalry for the first time became the chief arm in the defense structure, and incompetent leaders like Roberts were superseded by more aggressive officers. These changes were contemporary with the admission of the state of West Virginia into the Union and the organization of its government. Never was the new state in danger of general Confederate invasion.

The Kinnan Massacre

By Boyd B. Stutler

During the years just following the close of the American Revolution thousands of patriot soldiers bent a listening ear to the call of the frontier, which had, at that time, been pushed forward to and barely beyond the line of the Ohio River. The western slopes of the Alleghenies offered an inviting field, for there was a new land of promise—not at all a land flowing with milk and honey, or having within its broad sweep the foot of the rainbow and the legendary pot of gold—but it was a land where hardy homemakers could wrest a foothold from the unwilling wilderness and establish a new outpost of civilization. Where each man must stand on his own merits and on his own strength. These adventurous men knew that they must be strong to survive, that the frontier was no place for cowards or weaklings, and that their wives and children must fare hard and share with them whatever fate and circumstance had in store.

Many of these men who turned their eyes eagerly toward the west were bred in the old colonies on the Eastern seaboard. And many were men whose orderly lives had been disturbed and broken by the eight long years of the Revolution and by many years of soldiering. In some of them these years of military service had awakened a spirit of adventure—stirrings of the spirits of remote ancestors who had fought out their own frontier battles and laid the foundation stones for a new nation—and they found it hard to settle down to the humdrum of farm and village life after the war had fought itself out and the independence of the United States had been established. Others had suffered such financial reverses, homes and property

swept away, that they were forced to look to new fields to mend their broken fortunes. The course of empire, as always, moved toward the west and in the wake of the star followed these adventurers and empire builders.

In his home at Basking Ridge, New Jersey, Joseph Kinnan heard the call of the western wilderness. He had served throughout the war of the Revolution as a soldier in the New Jersey Regiments. He had seen hard service and had participated in a number of battles and engagements; he was not unfamiliar with danger and hardship, for he had lived through a period when eternal vigilance was the price of life itself. He listened to the call. Dame Fortune beckoned invitingly. Land could be had cheaply, and he felt that he was equal to any hardship or any hazard the wilderness had to offer. His military service had given him a spirit of self-reliance.

But Joseph Kinnan had not alone himself to consider. He was happily married and was the father of two young sons, Lewis, named for his wife's family, and Joseph, Jr. He had known romance as well as adventure, and thought must be given to the welfare of his young wife—herself but little more than a girl—and to the two young boys. But Mary Kinnan, who came in direct descent from a Mayflower Pilgrim, was cast in a heroic mold. She, too, felt the call of adventure and the spirit of old Grands'r Doty of 1620 stirring within her. She had behind her a proud line of pioneers and she was a worthy daughter of heroic sires.

Then, in the summer of 1787, after much preparation and a round of goodbyes to kinfolk and friends, the Kinnan family, with a train of New Jersey friends and neighbors, turned their faces toward what was then the far west. Slowly the band of emigrants made their way westward. No record has as yet been found that tells of the route they followed or of the length of time required to make the trip from Basking Ridge, not far from the breakers and roar of surf of the Atlantic Ocean, to that spot in the heart of

the Alleghenies, in what is now Randolph County, West Virginia, where they had decided to settle down. In fact, it is not certain who accompanied the Kinnans, though it is known that at just about the same time a number of New Jersey people did settle in the Tygarts Valley. Joseph Kinnan seems to have been something of a leader in the new settlement—had he not held the rank of Sergeant in the late war?—and as measured by education and material possessions seems to have been a little in advance of the average frontier settler.

The Kinnan family selected a home site at a place on the west side of the Tygarts Valley River, about a mile above the mouth of Elkwater. This tract of land, in after years when Joseph Kinnan had been almost forgotten, became known as the Adam See farm, and still later as the E. B. Ward place. The site of the Kinnan homestead, to further identify it with strife and clash of arms, lies near the Elkwater battlefield, where, in the opening months of the Civil War in 1861, John Augustine Washington, last of the Washington family to own the historic Mount Vernon manor on the Potomac, fell while serving in the Confederate States Army.

There on the site selected a two-room log house was built with a lean-to shed built against the main house for use as a kitchen; a house that was also an improvement over the average cabin of the rough-and-ready pioneer settlers of that time. Household comforts, pieces of furniture and kitchen and tableware had been carried across the country to their new home on the backs of pack-horses. The land was being cleared and a farm was being brought to a high state of cultivation. Then in one brief hour, on the night of May 13, 1791, all was swept away when the smouldering hate of the dispossessed Indians flashed into flame and led them to wreak their blood-lust upon the people of this home who were innocent of any crime against them. Joseph Kinnan had fought well the battles of his country, only to be struck down by red raiders across his own doorstep in Tygarts

Valley. Two young children were left weltering in their blood and Mary Kinnan, the wife and mother, was carried away into a captivity that seemed worse than death.

The massacre of the Kinnan family was long thought to have been the last raid made by hostile Indians into the territory of Randolph County, but careful research has since proven that warriors from the tribes beyond the Ohio swept through the Tygarts Valley River settlement and committed depredations as late as 1794. But this one particular incident has invited the interest and attention of chroniclers of the heroic age; in fact, so many legendary stories have been recited and written that it has been something of a task to separate legend from fact and to reconcile the many confusions and contradictions. Within the past few years an earnest effort has been made to sift out the few good grains of wheat from the great pile of chaff and to compile a true story of the incident. Now to begin at the beginning:

Joseph Kinnan was born in New Jersey on October 15, 1755. Nothing is known of his life up to his twenty-first year, when, in July, 1776, he enlisted as a private soldier in Captain Platt Bayles' company of Somerset County, New Jersey, Militia. His faithful service as a member of this company earned for him promotion, in 1777, to the rank of Sergeant, in which rank he served throughout the war, though not in continuous service. His battle record included such important engagements as the battle of Long Island, Millstone, Bound Brook, Brandywine, Monmouth, Connecticut Farms, Springfield, and many minor engagements. He had had his baptism and test under fire in the service of his country and had made a most exemplary record as a homebuilder in the new American frontier.

The personal record of Mrs. Kinnan is also an interesting one. She was born Mary Lewis at Basking Ridge, New Jersey, on August 22, 1763, the second child and eldest daughter of Zephaniah Lewis and Ann Doty. Her great-grandfather, Samuel Lewis, emigrated from Wales to the

Basking Ridge section about 1732, and on her mother's side she was of the fifth generation in direct descent from Edward Doty, "of the goodly company of the Mayflower," who landed at Plymouth on that bleak December day in 1620.

It is claimed that there was a relationship between the Lewises of Virginia and the Basking Ridge line. A family tradition, related by Dr. Oscar M. Voorhees in the Somerset County, New Jersey, *Historical Quarterly* for July, 1912, runs that General George Washington was aware of this relationship and that on one occasion when the army was encamped at Morristown, eight miles distant from Basking Ridge, members of the Lewis family were invited to dine with General Washington at his headquarters at the Stirling Mansion. Mary Lewis was of this party and the recognition of kinship accorded by the great General is yet a source of pride to surviving Lewises. At the time the Lewises were invited to break bread with the General, if the tradition be true, Mary Lewis could not have been more than fourteen years of age, for on January 8, 1778, when she was but fifteen and one-half years of age, she was married to Sergeant Joseph Kinnan, of the New Jersey line.

The record is silent as to events in the married life of the Kinnans, other than the record of the birth of two sons, prior to their removal to the Elkwater farm. One other child, a daughter whom they called Mary, after the mother, came to bless their home after they had settled in what is now West Virginia. The Kinnans, out of the goodness of their hearts and of the charity so characteristic of frontier people, had taken into their home the widow of a neighbor, Mrs. George Ward, and her three children. Two other young men were members of the household, Jacob Lewis, who was a brother of Mrs. Kinnan, and a young man named Canley, according to Mrs. Ward, and Ralston, according to Alexander Scott Withers in his *Chronicles of Border Warfare,* whose account of the episode has been

followed generally by many others. But it has been definitely determined that in all, eleven persons were in the Kinnan home when the Shawnee warriors stepped across the threshold on that red night in May, 1791.

For a number of years that particular section of the country had not suffered from Indian incursions and the settlers had been lulled into a sense of false security in the belief that the settlements nearer the Ohio River offered such a barrier that would effectually check any roving war parties. The Kinnans had lived in their forest home for four full years; they had known of the ravages of prowling bands of Indians and perhaps Joseph, the veteran of the Revolution, had joined with his neighbors in scouting and guarding the neighborhood against incursions. Early in May, 1791, the scouts sent out word that the Indians had again broken through the barrier and were raiding in the Monongahela Valley. Though two stout forts were located not far distant from the Kinnan home—Haddan's Fort and Warwick's Fort—the Kinnan family and their friends believed that there was no cause for alarm and that they would be safe and secure by their own hearthstone and fireside.

The day of the thirteenth of May, 1791, was spent in the regular routine of farm duties. Spring crops were being planted and the two young men were helping with the farm work. At the end of the day the men retired to the house, worn out with their labors. Kinnan had lain down on a bed in the front room to rest, while Mrs. Kinnan busied herself in completing the evening chores about the house. Mrs. Ward was occupied in caring for the children, making beds on the floor for them, and preparing them for bed. The two young men, Lewis and Canley, were in the lean-to kitchen, perhaps finishing their evening meal. The members of the household were at peace with all men.

Without warning of any kind, the door opened and two Indians stepped into the room, while another stood just outside the door to give warning or to aid in the capture of

any member of the family who attempted to escape. The raiders were Shawnees, a tribe that had scourged the frontier since the days of the French and Indian War and whose members had carried the torch and hatchet to hundreds of West Virginia homes and settlements. The warriors of this tribe were dreaded above all others and frontier mothers used to whisper the names of their noted chieftains to their children to quiet them when they becames restless, much as other mothers have quieted their children by mentioning the "bogie man." The Shawnees had sown a crop of grief and ashes from the northern to the southern part of the land that is now West Virginia.

The Indians were fully armed with guns and tomahawks and Kinnan was shot down as he attempted to rise from his bed. Mrs. Kinnan clasped her little daughter to her bosom and attempted to escape through the open door, but was caught by the warrior who had been placed on guard. Wrenching free from her captor, she again took flight but hearing the cries of her little child the maternal instinct to protect her young overcame her fears and she returned to the defense of her little daughter. She was again caught and held while, before her eyes, the merciless savage brained her little child with a tomahawk.

All was confusion in the house. The head of the household had been shot down. Mrs. Ward attempted to get the children away to a place of safety before trying to effect her own escape. One of the Indians saw the children and at once started his bloody work; Mary, the little daughter of Mrs. Ward, was tomahawked before she could rise from her bed on the floor and David, her oldest son, was knocked down by a blow on the head. There was a small opening in the wall of the back room, perhaps a log had been sawed out for the purpose of light and ventilation, and through this aperture Mrs. Ward passed her two sons, George, who was a babe in arms, and David, who had been wounded. Then she squeezed through the opening and, with her children and the two Kinnan boys who had escaped from

the room of death by way of the kitchen, ran three miles to the home of John Hamilton, the nearest neighbor, to find a place of safety and to give the alarm.

The two young men who were in the kitchen made their escape from the house and beat a hasty retreat, without offering resistance or lending help to the stricken family. The early chroniclers, led by Withers, say that the man named Ralston or Canley struck one of the Indians with a drawing knife, cutting off his nose. But if full credence be given the story of Mrs. Kinnan and the recently discovered statement of Mrs. Ward, the two men were not at any time within striking distance of the raiders. Jacob Lewis failed his sister and her family, perhaps, by taking flight and not attempting a vigorous defense by whatever weapon he could lay his hands on. But in after years, by his part in the rescue of Mrs. Kinnan from a captivity of nearly four years duration, he fully atoned for his apparent lack of courage.

Contrary to the usual custom of roving bands of warriors, the home was not burned. It was plundered and such things as could not be carried away were damaged or destroyed. The Ward family Bible and George Ward's certificate of discharge from the Revolutionary Army, signed, as Mrs. Ward says, "by General Washington," were cast into the fire-place with other books and papers belonging to the Kinnan family. The scalps were removed from the heads of Kinnan and the two children, Mrs. Kinnan was bound and led away a captive. Her fate, as she then thought, was worse than that visited upon her husband and the two little girls.

Four years later, when Mary Kinnan had been relieved from her captivity, her story was told to Shepard Kollock, an early New Jersey printer who was then keeping his shop at Elizabethtown—now Elizabeth. Kollock wrote out the story in stilted, high-flown language and published it in a small pamphlet of fifteen pages: *A True Narrative of the Sufferings of Mary Kinnan, who was taken Prisoner*

by the Shawnee Nation of Indians on the Thirteenth day of May, 1791, *and remained with them till the Sixteenth of August,* 1794. The pamphlet was issued in 1795 and probably in a very small edition. Strange as it may seem, the first-hand story of this border incident was not known to the early writers and, important as it is in West Virginia border literature, it remained unknown to West Virginia historians until 1925, when the sole surviving copy of the Elizabethtown edition was found in the Newberry Library at Chicago. Another edition, printed by William W. Morse at New Haven in 1801, has all but disappeared—but one copy of that issue is known and it is in a private collection. The *Narrative* was re-printed in the 1926 edition of the *Magazine of History-Biography,* issued by the Randolph County Historical Society, and also in the *Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society,* for April, 1928, with introductory notes by Dr. Oscar M. Voorhees.

The narrative of Mrs. Kinnan as told by Shepard Kollock is remarkable for what it does not tell. "It would be unnecessary and tedious to describe the first part of my life," she says. But how much more interesting it would be to the reader of today, or to the historian, if she had included in this narrative a brief statement of the removal of the family to Tygarts Valley, what roads they traveled and a description of the country as they found it. Aside from its importance and interest in verifying a few details of a bloody chapter in the long struggle to hold and win the Allegheny frontier, the pamphlet could be classified as mid-way between a "penny-dreadful thriller" and a Sunday School tract.

But now to take up some of the points brought out by the recovery of this almost forgotten narrative. The raiding band was few in number. It had struck at other settlements and the warriors knew that the citizen-soldiers would be close upon their heels. The Kinnan home was not so isolated but that a general alarm would be quickly spread through the thinly settled country, and the warriors also

knew that very soon borderers as hardy, as daring and as experienced in woodcraft as they would soon rally in pursuit. Mrs. Kinnan was dragged along, half inviting, half fearing the death she knew would surely be meted out to her once she exhibited signs of faintness or resistance. The party continued its flight through a drenching rain all that night and all the next day. Then, when they had reached a point near the head of Buckhannon River, the Indians felt sure that they had eluded any pursuing party and thought it safe to halt for a rest. There they had a long rest—one of the Indians was bitten by a rattlesnake and they remained in camp nineteen days until he was well enough to travel.

The route to the Ohio River from the camp at the head of the Buckhannon is not traced in any detail by Mrs. Kinnan, but it is most probable they traveled down the beaten warrior's path along the Little Kanawha River. The Shawnee town on the Ohio side was reached on June 29, but before entering the town the band halted to make proper preparation to celebrate the taking of five scalps they had with them—three from the Kinnan settlement and two others from some West Virginia home not yet identified. As one of the modes of refined cruelty practiced by her captors, the scalp of her little daughter was time and time again exhibited to Mrs. Kinnan as a trophy of the chase. The warriors admired it greatly because of the double crown and ringlets, and had so cured the scalp that these points were brought out to the very best advantage. When the mother seemed depressed or worn out, this scalp would be brought out and admired in her presence.

Mrs. Kinnan was carried to the village on the Maumee River, near Fort Wayne, but was later taken to a village about twenty miles from Detroit, Michigan; where she was purchased by a Delaware squaw who was a jealous taskmaster and saw to it that the captive was kept busy on the most menial duties. She was kept under the strictest watch and had no opportunity to even attempt an escape.

Her friends and relatives knew not of her plight. She was to them as one dead, so completely had her captors covered their retreat, and months passed before she had opportunity to send word to her family that she still lived and prayed for deliverance. It was to her friends in New Jersey that she relied upon, not knowing, of course, that her brother, Jacob Lewis, and her two little boys had survived the raid and that they had returned to the old home in the east. She hoped so. Then, when she met an Indian trader named Robert Albert, she begged that a letter be sent to her brother at Basking Ridge. "Write it," she said, "just as you would if you were in my place."

At Detroit Albert told the story of the white woman who was held by the Indians, which fell on friendly and sympathetic ears. The letter was written by William Hindman on July 29, 1793, just a little more than two years after the tragedy at the mouth of Elkwater in Tygarts Valley. Even after the long delay in finding a means to send a communication to her kinfolk, fate and circumstance conspired against reasonably prompt delivery and it was a long time enroute from the Indian town on the Miami to the town of Basking Ridge. The messenger who bore the letter into Philadelphia fell a victim to yellow fever, which was then raging, and as a precautionary measure to prevent the spread of the disease all his personal effects were buried. After a sufficient time had elapsed and it was believed that all danger from infection had passed, the letter was dug up and was started again on its way.

In due time, and without further mishap, the letter reached its destination and created a sensation in the village of Basking Ridge. It was read to the congregation of the Presbyterian church on the Sunday following its receipt and willing friends raised a fund to pay the expenses of sending Jacob Lewis into the wilderness to rescue his sister. It was a long journey, one to be made on foot and on horseback through an unsettled section. But Jacob Lewis accepted the mission, faced the forest and its

dangers, and redeemed his reputation by deeds of valor and heroism. This time he did not fail.

The letter written by William Hindman has, fortunately, been preserved in the records of the old Pension Bureau at Washington, where it was filed by Mrs. Kinnan as proof in support of a claim for pension, and is now a part of the records kept in the recently established National Archives. The document is of such importance that it is reprinted in full:

Miamies River, 29th July, 1793

Dear Brother:

This is the only opportunity I have embraced since I have been taken by the savages to acquaint you of my situation, which, be well assured, is very miserable. However, I hope after you hear from me that your generosity will in some measure relieve me from my present miserable situation. I would have written you sooner, but knowing of no safe opportunity until this present one, or you may depend I would have acquainted you of my case before now, which I hope you will take into consideration and feel for me, which, if you do, depend shall always be remembered by me. If you undertake to come or send for me, which I sincerely wish you would, the way I advise you to take for your safety will be the route that the Commissioners from the States come, which comes through Genesee county to Niagara, and from thence you can come to Detroit with safety and enquire there of a Mr. Robert Abbott, where you will get intelligence where I am. I have another thing to request of you, which is (as) you was at the house where I was taken, to endeavor to take my children in your care which I left behind me, as I am afraid they are left destitute of the (several words not legible), which that and other things depress me very much.

In case you should mistrust that this letter is not from me or that perhaps my long absence from home should any ways entice you to imagine that I am not your sister, I shall inform more clearly that I am the wife of Joseph Kinnan.

Dear brother, I would write you more fully of the hardships I have undergone since I have been taken, but my situation depresses me so much that I cannot explain myself in as satisfactory manner as I could wish. I have been this long time expecting that peace would take place in expectation of getting home, but the times are so precarious that I am quite discouraged. You will observe that I lived at Tigert Valley in Randolph county in Virginia. Therefore that I hope will convince fully who I am. I am in as good health as my situation can afford. Hoping you are so likewise, which is the

Sincere wish of your loving sister,

MARY KINNAN

Dear brother, give my compliments to my father and mother and all the family.

Yours sincerely,
MARY KINNAN

William Hinman's hand
Detroit, Mich.

Mary Kinnan was not present when this appeal was written "by William Hinman's hand" and it contained one false note that cast some doubt upon its genuineness, the very thing that the writer had labored so hard to avoid. In the postscript the captive asked that her "compliments be given to her father and mother"; it was well known to all who knew the Lewis family that Zephaniah Lewis, the father, had died of camp fever during the war of the Revolution while serving in the American Army. However, there was such a ring of truth in the appeal that the friends and neighbors immediately set about to provide a means of escape.

Jacob Lewis set out for Detroit about the first of November, 1793, going by way of western New York. At Genessee he left his horse and joined a young man who was starting for Niagara with a drove of cattle. On reaching Niagara, still three hundred miles from his destination, he told his story to the military authorities and was given a pass and letter to Captain Brant, Chief of the Six Nations, whose village was near Niagara, then was compelled to remain in Captain Brant's village a full week before he could secure the services of a guide. Finally, after many talks and much palavering, he found two Indians who, for the sum of $20, guided him through the almost unbroken woods and swamps to Detroit, which place he reached on February 3, 1794.

Upon presenting himself to Colonel England, commanding officer of the British troops at that place, he was looked upon with great suspicion but was finally given a permit to remain. The following day he found Robert Albert (or Abbott), the Indian trader, and after showing the letter that had been sent through the good offices of the trader,

completely established his identity. Albert warned him to move cautiously, that if the Indians suspected his presence and his plans the captive would be removed and all hope of effecting her rescue would be at an end. Together, Lewis and Albert enlisted the sympathetic aid of Israel Rulin, another Indian trader, who approached the squaw to whom Mrs. Kinnan belonged and tried to secure her release by purchase. Failing in this effort the white men resorted to stratagem to effect her escape. After spending many weeks at Detroit the release was finally accomplished, when Mrs. Kinnan was taken on board a boat dressed roughly in man's clothing, feigning illness and injury, and, after many narrow escapes, reached Detroit in safety. The return to New Jersey was made over the same route followed by Lewis on his trip to the west, and it was not until the latter part of October, 1794, that the captive and her rescuer reached Basking Ridge, lacking but a few days of a year from the time Lewis set out on his mission and ending a three year and five months separation of Mrs. Kinnan from her family and friends.

Mary Kinnan never returned to her home at Elkwater, not even to look upon the graves of her husband and daughter. She was in her thirty-second year when she was brought back to the home of her childhood, and there she continued to live for a little more than fifty years, known as "Aunt Polly" as she grew older, a dear old lady greatly beloved for her own fine qualities and for her many kindly and helpful acts to those in sickness or in want. She died on March 12, 1848, and is buried in the cemetery that surrounds the Basking Ridge Presbyterian Church, in full view of the street that leads from the railroad station to the village. By her side lies her son, Joseph, Jr., who survived the raid on the Kinnan home and who served his country in the War of 1812, and who died in 1844. Mrs. Kinnan, as the widow of a soldier of the Revolution, and Joseph, Jr., in his own right as a veteran of 1812, were pensioners of the Federal Government during the last years of their lives.

Little by little, from scraps picked up here and there, the full story of the Kinnan massacre and captivity has been patched together. It now only remains to tell something of the survivors who made good their escape from the Tygarts home. And at the risk of repetition it is well to take up the story of Mrs. Margaret Ward, widow of George Ward, who fled with the children to the house of neighbor John Hamilton while the Indian raiders were wreaking their anger on the defenseless home. Mrs. Ward had suffered the anguish of seeing her daughter, Mary, struck down by the merciless tomahawk of one of the Indians, and was, in addition, an eye-witness to all that transpired in the home. By chance her eye-witness story has been preserved, now lodged in the National Archives at Washington, which complements the *Narrative of the Sufferings of Mary Kinnan* in a most remarkable manner, and clears up all doubt as to detail.

The testimony of Mrs. Ward had long been overlooked because the name under which it was filed in the archives of the old Pension Bureau at Washington was one entirely foreign to the family names in Randolph County and there was no hint that the Widow Ward had remarried and removed to the State of Ohio. In fact, she married twice after leaving Randolph County and it was not until she had been three times widowed that she made application to the Federal Government for a pension on account of the services of her first husband, George Ward, in the army of the Revolution.

This important historical document was made in Darke County, Ohio, on November 19, 1844, under the name of Margaret Wintermote, widow of John Wintermote, and has such a direct bearing on the Kinnan episode that it is reprinted in full:

On this 19th day of November, 1844, Margaret Wintermote personally appeared as a claimant for pension and stated that she was Margaret Wintermote of Richland Township, county of Darke, State of Ohio, and was aged 76 years December 15, 1843, and makes application under Act of Congress of July 7, 1838. That she was the widow of George

Ward, a private in the American army of the Revolution. That he served in the Virginia line either under Captain Sylvester Ward or enlisted under him as recruiting officer. That she had seen the written discharge which he had received from George Washington, which was lost or destroyed as hereinafter stated, and that she knew of it from information from George Ward after their marriage, as well as from other persons. That he enlisted in the Virginia line in the county of Hampshire, Virginia, after the commencement of the Revolutionary war, about 1777 to four or five years, and about 1782 to the close of the war. That he was engaged in seventeen battles and heard him mention Stony Point, Brandywine, Peola and others. That she was married to him after his service expired on the 12th day of February, 1783, by Felty Powers, a minister of the Dunkard order in the county of Hampshire, Virginia; that a license was not required by law but that notice was given by publication that the marriage should occur; that the marriage was recorded in the family Bible, afterwards destroyed, as hereinafter stated. That she lived with the said George Ward in Hampshire county about four years, then removed to near Clarksburgh in Harrison County, Virginia, and lived there about two years, and then removed to Tiger (Tygarts) Valley in Randolph County, Virginia, and resided there until about February, 1791, when he died of consumption, leaving his widow and three children, David Ward, Mary Ward and George Ward. And that after his death she went to live or stay in a house occupied by Joseph Kenan (Kinnan) and his family on a farm adjoining that where she lived; that it was done for personal safety of herself and children as the Indians were committing depredations in the frontier settlements. And that in May, next, she believes, a little after dark, when she had put her three children and one of the Kenan in bed on the floor of the house (which was a log house) and Kenan had laid down on another bed in the same room also, but not retired to rest, two Indians opened the door and stepped into the room (one Indian remained *outside* to watch and guard the door), that she sprang to her children and caught up George (then a babe) in her arms. David raised up partly and was knocked over by one of the Indians, that she caught him as he fell and slipped into a back room that was dark and put her son David, then about seven or eight years old, out at the window and gave him the babe and told him to run to the woods. There was a small hole or window in the room through which she put her children but it was so small that she did not expect she could get through herself until after she had put the children out, when upon trial she succeeded in getting through and taking her two children with one of Kenan's, which had got out of bed and come around the house on the other side, she ran about three miles to one John Hamilton's, where they found protection temporarily until the alarm was given and the Indians pursued.

Her child, Mary, was tomahawked and scalped before her in said bed, as well as said Kenan, and one of Kenan's children was killed out of doors, and Kenan's wife was taken prisoner by said Indians and carried away captive. She was informed that Kenan's wife was taken to Detroit

and kept about four years until her brother, by assistance of a Frenchman, succeeded in rescuing her from the Indians, for after her return she saw her and conversed with her about the appalling and afflicting scenes they witnessed on that eventful night. Jacob Lewis and a young man by the name of Canley one of them being in another small apartment or kitchen, made escape at the same time.

The Indians before leaving the house tore up her beds and took away all her clothes and bedding of use and destroyed everything they could about the house, including all her husband's papers and books, among which was the aforementioned discharge from Washington and the family Bible containing the record of her own and her husband's age and marriage, as she could never after find them.

About two years after she was married to David Riffle and they went back to Hampshire County, married by the same man, Felty Powers. After that they removed to Kentucky and from there to Darke County, Ohio, where said Riffle died about the 26th of January, 1820, leaving his widow and three children by him, viz: Jacob, Soloman and Nancy. Her second husband was for a long time a ranger on the frontier line in the employ of Virginia and the United States, for which he never received any pay.

On the 17th day of August, 1826, she was married to John Wintermote, a Baptist clergyman, in the county of Darke and State of Ohio, with whom she lived until the 19th of February, 1844, when he died, leaving his widow. Two of her children by her first husband, David Ward and George Ward, are now living in Darke County, Ohio, and that the said David carries upon his head the scar which he received from the blow of the Indian's tomahawk. That her three children by her second husband, Soloman, Jacob and Nancy, since married to Thomas Hathaway, are also living in Darke County, Ohio. That she is now a lone widow, quite destitute of means of support and therefore claims all benefits she is entitled to as the widow of George Ward.

The records kept in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Randolph County fix the approximate date of the death of George Ward. His will was admitted to probate on May 23, 1791, ten days after the tragic death of his daughter, an instrument dated February 6, 1791, which names his wife and three children as beneficiaries. The document was witnessed by Jacob Lewis, who lived on the adjoining farm with Joseph Kinnan, and by Israel Ward. Sylvester Ward was named as administrator of the estate and in the year following rendered an appraisal, fixing the value of the estate at thirty-three pounds, nine shillings, Virginia currency. The sale bill filed with the Clerk on October 22, 1792, offers evi-

dence that the appraisal was less than the value of the property, for the items put up and sold at public vendue brought a total of forty-three pounds, seven shillings, four pence. Mrs. Margaret Ward-Riffle-Wintermote died in Darke County, Ohio, on November 6, 1845.

Reference to the settlement of the estate of George Ward suggests that the Randolph County records also contain an account of the disposition of the property with which Joseph Kinnan died seized. At the same May term of the Randolph County Court when Sylvester Ward was appointed administrator of the estate of George Ward, Jacob Lewis was named as administrator of the estate of his brother-in-law, Joseph Kinnan. His early removal from the county, however, left the estate unsettled and Edward Hart was later appointed by the court to complete the settlement. Another indication that Kinnan was thrifty and rather well-to-do, when judged by the standard of wealth in a pioneer section, a list of his personal effects recorded in Will Book No. 1 in the office of the Randolph County Court Clerk, totals $517.00 in value. A later report of settlement of the estate was made by Hart in 1796, in which a charge for five gallons of whiskey was made for "use in settling the estate," but a complete settlement had not been effected as late as 1829, when Lewis Kinnan, the son, then living at Seneca County, New York, had some correspondence with county officers at Beverly respecting money still due. These letters, which cannot now be located, were examined by Hu Maxwell when compiling his *History of Randolph County* and were then in the possession of Attorney L. D. Strader, of Beverly.

The story of Jacob Lewis was told many years ago in the *History and Biographical Cyclopedia of Butler County, Ohio,* and is in full support of the stories told by Mrs. Kinnan and Mrs. Wintermote. After he had played his part in securing the release of his sister, young Lewis took up the study of medicine and in 1802 established himself in practice at Hamilton, Ohio. There he lived quietly and

in peace; his long life was marked by only one other incident of a public nature. During the War of 1812 he was appointed and served as surgeon to the First Regiment, Third Detachment, Ohio Militia, and he saw much active service in the region where, many years before, he had contrived to effect the escape of his sister from her Indian captors. He did not practice medicine after the conclusion of the war, but retired to his farm in Butler County, where his death occurred on July 19, 1851.

534

TRUE NARRATIVE

OF THE

SUFFERINGS

OF

MARY KINNAN,

WHO WAS TAKEN PRISONER BY THE SHAWANEE NATION OF INDIANS ON THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF MAY, 1791, AND REMAINED WITH THEM TILL THE SIXTEENTH OF AUGUST, 1794.

ELIZABETHTOWN:
PRINTED BY SHEPARD KOLLOCK.
M.DCC.XCV.

Copy of title page of the pamphlet, "True Narrative of the Sufferings of Mary Kinnan." —Courtesy, Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois.

Whilst the tear of sensibility so often flows at the unreal tale of woe, which glows under the pen of the poet and the novelist, shall our hearts refuse to be melted with sorrow at the unaffected and unvarnished tale of a female, who has surmounted difficulties and dangers, which on a review appear romantic, even to herself.

Her history will not, perhaps, be without its use. It will display the supporting arm of a Divine Providence: it will point to the best and surest support under danger and adversity: and "it will teach the repiner at little evils to be juster to his God and to himself."

It would be unnecessary and tedious to describe the first part of my life, as it exhibited nothing which is not daily observed in the common walks of mankind. Suffice it to say, that, blest with the affections of the best of husbands, and the love and esteem of the most dutiful of children, my days passed sweetly on, and I had scarcely one single wish ungratified. Happiness smiled on our cottage;—content spread her influence around;—the voice of grief was not heard;—and old age crept imperceptibly on. Alas! how soon was my horizon obscured by the dark clouds of misfortune!—how doubly poignant were rendered succeeding miseries by the recollection of such exalted happiness!

The thirteenth day of May, 1791, will never be effaced from my mind. Although since that memorable period, four years have almost rolled their ample round, still at the recollection, my bosom heaves impetuous; the cold sweat of fear stands on my brow; and the burning tear of anguish glistens in my eye. Our house was situated in a beautifully romantic and agreeable place, called Tiger's Valley, in Randolph County, State of Virginia. Here I would mark nature progressing, and the revolutions of the seasons; and from these would turn to contemplate the buds of virtue and of genius, sprouting in the bosoms of my children. Employed in such a pleasing occupation, on that evening, I was startled by the bursting open of the door: I turned my affrighted eyes, and leapt with terror at the sight of three armed Indians. I saw the flash of the musket!—I heard the groan of my husband! Quick as thought, I seized my youngest child: fear added wings to my flight, and I ran with the swiftness of the wind. Alas! scarcely had I time to congratulate myself on my good fortune, before I was again caught; desperation gave me strength, and I again broke loose. I scarcely touched the ground as I coursed over the plain; when the cry of my child, supplicating me for help, arrested my ear. The yearnings of maternal affection extinguished my prudence; forgetting my imbecility, I flew to assist her, and was taken. A third time I attempted to escape, but was knocked to the ground with a tomahawk! I then made signs of submission, and was carried to the house. Gracious God! what a scene presented itself to me! My child, scalped and slaughtered, smiled even then; my husband, scalped and weltering in his blood, fixed on me his dying eye, which though languid, still expressed an apprehension for my safety, and sorrow at his inability to assist me; and accompanied the look with a groan that went through my heart. Spare me the pain describing my feelings at this scene, this mournful scene, which racked my agonizing heart, and precipitated me to the verge of madness.

In happier times, I should have thought that my heart would cease to beat, and my pulse forget to throb under such an accumulated weight of misery. But the soul often acquires vigor for misfortune, and by adversity is led to the exertion of faculties, which till then were not possessed, or at least lay dormant. Thus it was with me; I have supported in reality what, in idea, had appeared impossible.

After plundering the house of the most valuable articles, and pinioning my arms behind me, they departed; with them I too was forced to go. Under the most favorable circumstances, this journey would have been painful: how much more so was it now, when the arrow of calamity was rankling in my bosom; when I was faint through loss of blood; and without refreshment, without rest. Nature too seemed to conspire against me: the rain descended in torrents; the lightnings flashed dreadfully, and almost without intermission; whilst the thunder rolled awfully on high. We rested not during the whole of that night,

> "Wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
> "The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
> "Keep their fur dry."

It was on Friday night that I was taken; on Saturday night they rested, and trimmed their scalps. Ah! what did I not feel at the sight of these memorials of savage cruelty. I became indifferent to my existence; I was willing to bid adieu to that world whence all the lovely relatives of life were borne before me; and, had I not been restrained by the spirit of Christianity, I had terminated my existence by my own hand. I appeared, as it were, insulated to the civilized world—nay, worse than insulated, for the poor lonely mariner, who is shipwrecked on some desart coast, has far greater cause to rejoice than I then had.

The next day we continued our march over the more rugged rocks and mountains, wet and slippery with the rain which had so lately fallen. Nature was no so far exhausted, that I could not advance, except in a very slow manner, when, instead of compassionating my sufferings, my weariness, and misfortunes, I was beaten severely for not performing impossibilities. About this time they frequently threatened me with death; thought I recked not his approach in genuine form, yet I must confess, my soul shrunk from him, when thus cloathed in vengeance, too much for man to bear.

In this manner we continued our journey, sorrow and fatigue still making increased ravages on my constitution, when one of the Indians was bitten by a snake. We were obliged to stay nineteen days, before he was cured and able to proceed: during this period I again recovered spirits and health sufficient to follow my savage conductors. In this accident I beheld and blest the good providence of God, thus eminently exerted in rescuing me from that world, "from whose bourn no traveller returns."

In a few days after this we arrived at the Ohio. Dark and rainy was the night in which we formed a raft, and crossed the river: dangerous as was the passage, we arrived in safety at the opposite bank;—the per-

iod of my misfortunes had not yet arrived; many bitter calamities were yet to be felt.

After this we travelled for two days through the gloomy ridges of pine. Although their extreme wetness subjected us to many inconveniencies, not to say dangers, yet the Indians were fearful of being discovered, if they made a fire, and, of consequence, remained without one. From these we passed into a fine country, where we had plenty of venison, and other game; nevertheless so deeply was I afflicted that I cared not for the food, which was absolutely necessary to preserve life, and I was compelled by their threats of death, in its most horrid form, to eat those victuals for which I had no relish.

On the 29th of June we approached the Shawnee towns; when we arrived within about half a mile of them they fired their guns, stripped the bark from five trees, painted themselves and me in a most horrid manner and commenced the scalp-whoop: never did I hear a sound so calculated to inspire terror: my blood curdled within me at the sound, and fear took possession of all my faculties. This they repeated five times: they then seated themselves, until a vast number of people, attracted by the well-known and pleasing sound, came from the town and shook hands with them: each person then struck me with great violence over the head and face, till I could not see, and till I finally dropt down senseless. They then recovered me and assisted me to walk into the town having previously explained to me, that all the abuse which had been so liberally bestowed upon me, was to welcome me amongst them.

During my journey, the sense of present danger blunted the remembrance of past misery, and prevented me from indulging in gloomy anticipations of future woe;—but now the whole weight of my affliction pressed heavily on my heart. The picture of my life was deeply too deeply dashed with shade, and but a few faint strokes of light were intermingled with the numerous touches of the sombre pencil. But when my spirits were surcharged with sorrow's dew, I breathed out a fervent prayer to heaven, and relied on the beneficence of the Father of All. Uniformly my efforts were successful, and calm resignation diffused itself through my frame, or the rays of hope danced sweetly around my heart.

I lived during four days with the sister of the savage who tore me from my peaceful home, and often contemplated with a sigh the depth of degradation, of which the human character is capable. On the third of July I was bought by a Delaware squaw, and by her was put to the most menial and laborious offices.

One of the principle objects of my attention, whilst I lived amongst the Indians, was the humiliating condition of their women. Here the female sex, instead of polishing and improving the rough manners of the men, are equally ferocious, cruel and obdurate. Instead of that benevolent disposition and warm sensibility to the sufferings of others, which marks their characters in more civilized climes, they quaff with extatic pleasure the blood of the innocent prisoner, writhing with agony under the inhuman torments inflicted upon him—whilst his convulsive groans speak music to their souls.

With my new mistress I continued until the defeat of St. Clair; then another scene was presented to me, which opened afresh the sluices of sorrow. The numerous scalps of my unfortunate countrymen, which were then exhibited to my view—the rejoicings which took place on that lamentable occasion—and the brutal scenes which were then transacted, sorely wounded my bosom, already pierced so deeply by misfortune's shaft. Still my sufferings were not alleviated; fed in a very scanty manner, I was forced, nevertheless, to chop and carry wood to a considerable distance: in this occupation I had my feet frozen, and this added one more to my already long list of woes.

In the spring, for fear of my countrymen, the Indians removed from the Miami towns to Grand Glaize, a most beautiful place. Here my sufferings became still more aggravated, although they had before appeared at their highest possible height. A new piece of ground was now to be cleared, and my heart grew more heavy in proportion as I was separated from my beloved country.

About this time there were prospects of peace. Hope, at all times easily enkindled, blazed forth at this prospect, and gilded my solitary footsteps: but the year passed away, and the devastations of war still continued. At this time an Indian trader engaged to convey a letter from me to my friends in New Jersey, which he did by my direction, and this was the first news they had heard of me since my captivity, and, in the end, was the means of procuring my escape.

The succeeding year commissioners came from the United States to conclude a treaty; they departed, however, without attaining their object. The Indians, finding peace was not to be expected, turned out very generally for war, and left me, a prey to all the gloomy horrors of despair. In a short time they returned, bringing with them some horses and two prisoners; one of whom, Peter Tuttle, was afterwards redeemed—the other was killed by one of their chiefs.

In November the Indians began to be weary of war, and, in the beginning of January, sent in a talk to General Wayne by a Robert Wilson, an Indian trader, together with three Indians. General Wayne insisted, as a preliminary article, that all the prisoners should be delivered up: Accordingly they came home, and collected a great number of us, unfortunate sufferers, and prepared to set out the next day to General Wayne at Fort Jefferson. But previously to our departure, one of the British agents came to them, and persuaded them, that perfidy was a leading trait in the character of the people of the United States; that they would never return alive. By these and other arts, they persuaded the Indians to persevere in their warfare, and we were again dismissed to our laborious occupations.

O Britain! how heavy will be the weight of thy crimes at the last great day! Instigated by thee, the Indian murderer plunges his knife into the bosom if innocence, of piety, and of virtue; and drafs thousands into a captivity, worse than death. The cries of widows, and the groans of orphans daily ascend, like a thick cloud, before the judgement-seat of heaven, and

"Plead like angels, trumpet-tongued,
"For your damnation:
"And pity, like a naked, new-born babe,
"Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim, hors'd
"Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
"Shall blow your horrid deeds in every eye,
"That tears shall drown the wind."

I had by this time witnessed so many disappointments, that I yielded myself up entirely to despondency, and endeavored to stifle the few scattered rays of hope, which faintly twinkled, like the glimmerings of a lamp just ready to expire. In consequence of these impressions, I fell dangerously ill of a fever, which was accompanied by an excessive pain over my whole frame. The Indians now abated, in some degree, of the rough treatment which I had before experienced: but what contributed principally to my recovery was a letter, which I received from my brother, Jacob Lewis, mentioning that he was at Detroit, but that he dared not at present come to assist me because of the antipathy which the Indians evidenced against him, on account of his being a native of the United States. To know that I was not immured beyond the knowledge of my friends and relatives; that they still entertained for me a warm, impassioned affection, was a delicious cordial to my drooping spirits. In return to this letter I wrote, that as it would be in the highest degree dangerous to come to the place where I then was, I advised him still to continue at Detroit, and if it were possible by any means to ameliorate my condition, I made no doubt he would exert himself to the utmost of his power. For six months, we enjoyed the pleasure of each other's correspondence, being but one hundred and forty miles distant, and enjoying a constant communication by means of the Indian traders. In the darkest and most gloomy seasons, his letters inspired me with comfort; and whilst I traced in them with joy the sentiment of friendship, and the warmth of fraternal affection, I would for a time forget my griefs in the extacy of delight.

On the first day of August, 1793, we heard of the approach of General Wayne's army. Fearful and perturbed, they immediately started for the Rapids of the Miami; taking only those things with which they could not dispense, and hiding or burying the rest. On the tenth I had resolved to make my escape; my plan was thoroughly matured, and I waited with impatience the approach of night to put it in execution. But how frail and uncertain are the schemes of mankind! how easily are even their best projects overturned! Going out on that day to get a tent-pole, I accidently cut my foot in a most dangerous manner; this being at the distance of eighteen miles from the Rapids and being unable to walk, I was obliged to be carried thither on a horse.

Soon after I arrived I heard from my brother who had joined a party of British traders, and was coming down to the Rapids that he might see and perhaps assist me to escape. He sent a Frenchman to me, who behaving in a manner which displeased the Indians, I requested him not to come again. He returned, and in a short time my brother came himself. As

he was passing through the Indian camp I accidentally saw him: my joy was so great that I involuntarily gave a scream of pleasure:—the Indian who was with me, surprized at this singular behaviour, viewed me with an inquisitive eye; I fully comprehended the meaning of his look, and excused myself in a manner which, I believe, dissipated his apprehensions.

In order to concert some means of escape, my brother sent a friend to exchange bread for milk. After performing this errand he opened to me his real business, and appointed a tree where I might meet my brother that night. According to these directions I went, and how great was my surprize and disappointment to find nobody there. But the person who had previously appointed the tree as a place to meet, explained to me the next day the reason why we missed of each other, we having gone to different trees. The next night, however, the Indians having fallen asleep, I stole out about eleven o'clock. I found the brother of my heart anxiously expecting my arrival: after those congratulations which might be expected from two so dear to each other, who had been so long separated, we started and ran two miles to the British camp. I then, with a beating, fearful heart, crept into a brush-heap, where I lay during all that night, and on the next day my brother came and carried me from the place where I was lodged on board a vessel, which was about to descend the Miami river, the captain of which he had interested in my behalf—having previously drest me in one of his own suits of clothes and tied an handkerchief over my eyes, in order, as much as possible, to conceal my features. When we came to the mouth of the river, we anchored in full view of the Indians, who had come to the Lake, as well to avoid General Wayne, as to receive their provision, which was given them at this place. In this situation I remained some time, fearful of being recognized and re-claimed by some of the Indians: but finally, I prevailed with the master of a batteau, who was going to Turtle Island in Lake Erie, to carry me thither with him. When we arrived there we went on board a ship which was then lying at anchor there, bearing twelve guns, and were strictly examined by a Commodore Grant, who, when informed of my sufferings, used his interest to have me taken on board a brig going to Detroit. Having arrived at this last-mentioned place, I was so overcome by the joy which I felt at my delivery and the fatigue which attended it, that I continued unwell and unable to proceed for eight days. At the expiration of this period, I crossed Lake Erie and came to Niagara, where I was again examined, and having produced the pass given us by Commodore Grant, obtained another from Simcoe to the United States. We descended in a batteau to the Genesee river, and thence travelled to New Jersey, where I arrived amongst my friends on the eleventh day of October, 1794.

If my history has been marked with woe-worn incidents;—if I have been in a peculiar manner the child of misfortune;—if my cup of life has been deeply mixed with gall;—if despair has brooded over my soul, with all its horrors;—and finally, if I have been obliged to dismiss even dear delusive hope, having so often felt "what kind of sickness of the heart that was, which proceeds from hope de-

ferred:"—yet, by these very woes, I have been led to place my dependence on the beneficent dispenser of good and evil, and to withdraw my affections from that world, where the ties by which mankind are in general so firmly bound are indissolubly broken. Since the consequences of my affliction have been so beneficial, I repine not at it; ye, who are pierced by the darts of misfortune, imitate my example, and like me recline in the bosom of your Father and your God.

Reprint, courtesy of the Newberry Library, Chicago, Illinois. (For further comment relative to this exceedingly rare pamphlet see preceding article by Boyd B. Stutler.)

West Virginians in the American Revolution

The following pages of this and subsequent issues of this magazine will carry an alphabetical check list of Revolutionary soldiers who at one time or other lived in what is now West Virginia. This material has been assembled and edited by Ross B. Johnston. In the next few years, the Department of Archives and History hopes to publish this list in one volume, properly indexed. The public is invited to send in corrections as the material appears and to submit names of other Revolutionary soldiers whose authentic records qualify them to be listed among the other West Virginians who were with Washington's army.

This list of more than thirteen hundred sketches of Revolutionary soldiers from what is now West Virginia is offered with the full understanding that it represents only part of those who properly belong in this group. There are, for example, large lists of names, such as the roster of George Rogers Clark's forces of men, whose residences were uncertain, although many of the frontiersmen who joined Clark at Point Pleasant and Parkersburg on his western expedition lived west of the mountains.

The sources of this material are notes from the files of the Pension Office at Washington, from the pension applications in West Virginia counties, and from the minute books of the older West Virginia counties, copied by W. P. A. workers on the project sponsored by the West Virginia Commission on Historic and Scenic Markers; from notes of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, Sons of the Revolution, and other patriotic societies; and from a large miscellaneous group of published and private sources. It was found necessary to

condense many extended notes in order to save space. Doubtless this omitted some points of interest, but in most instances the omissions were repetitions of facts common to many other cases.

(Note: Numbers and letters appearing with many names are references to files of Pension Bureau, War Department, Washington, D. C.)

ADAMS, JONATHAN

Service—New Jersey Va. No. 6000 No. W-5596

Aged 61, 1818. Enlisted in New Jersey, 1778, in Fourth Troop, Fourth Jersey Regiment, Captain Plunkett, and in 1781 re-enlisted in Pennsylvania under Captain Herd in Colonel Bland's command. Was at siege of Yorktown. Remained in service until 1782.

Applied for pension, Harrison County, Va., June 15, 1818. Certificate was issued, 1819. Pension was suspended and new application was made in 1826. Among comrades was George Crislep. Married at Trenton, New Jersey, in fall of 1791. Wife, named Margaret, aged 52 in 1824; children, Tabitha, 14, Edie, 13, Irena, 12. Soldier died April 21, 1835.

Widow applied for and received pension. Widow also received bounty land warrant for 160 acres.

ADDISON, RICHARD

Service—Virginia Va. No. 18301 No. S-37651

Served three years under Captain Peter Brown, 11th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Daniel Morgan. Resided in Hampshire County and enlisted in Berkeley County in the fall of 1776. Was at Monmouth, Blueford's Defeat and Yorktown.

Applied for pension in Hampshire County, Va., May 27, 1818. Certificate was issued October 12, 1821. Wife, named Priscilla, aged 64 in 1820. Among his comrades were Benjamin Smith, Patrick McCarty and George Calmus.

AITKEN, JAMES

Enlisted in Captain Shepherd's company of riflemen in June, 1776.

AKERD, ANDREW

Service—Virginia Va. No. 23925 No. S-19178

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., September 15, 1757. Claimed six months service as private under Captain James Berry and Lieutenant Stokes, Colonel Edmund, General Wayne and General Muhlenberg. Enlisted in Frederick County, Va., April 2, 1779 and served until 1781. Residence before the Revolution was in Philadelphia. Applied for pension March 3, 1834, Mason County, Va. Certificate issued April 21, 1834.

ALDRIDGE, BENJAMIN

Enlisted in Captain Stephenson's company of riflemen in June, 1775.

ALDERSON, THOMAS
Service—Virginia Va. No. 16447 No. S-8020

Born in Burks County, Pa., then moved to Shenandoah and Rockingham County, Va. He enlisted in Rockingham in September, 1780, and served six months in the Virginia Line. Among officers named are Captain Jeremiah Ragan, Captain Coger, Major Lockhard, Colonel Lewis, Colonel Vance, Colonel Harrison, General Stevens, General Mechingburg (Muhlenberg ?), and General Washington. Applied for pension, Monroe County, Va., October 16, 1832. Certificate issued, 1833. Among comrades named was Alexander Freeman.

ALESHIRE, JOHN C. (or Aleshite or Aleshete.)
Service—Virginia Va. No. 23827 No. S-17816

Enlisted September 9, 1777, in Virginia. Served nine months as a private under Captain Rowsch, Captain Prince, Captain Denton, and Colonel Bowman. Was at siege of Yorktown. Applied for pension August 27, 1832, Page County, Va. Certificate issued, April 9, 1834, and claims paid to March 4, 1839. Among his comrades were David McIntarff, Henry Aleshite, Abraham Strickler, and Daniel Stover.

ALEXANDER, JAMES

Born 1750, died 1814. Served in the Revolution as a corporal in the First Artillery Regiment, Virginia Continental troops. Buried in Green Hill Cemetery, Union, Monroe County.

First permanent settler at Union, Monroe County, 1772-1774. Tavern keeper, 1797; judge, 1784; and sheriff in 1799. He was a leader in the formation of Monroe County from Greenbrier in 1799. After the first Monroe County Court was organized, it met at his home until the courthouse was built.

ALLEN, EBENEZER

Enlisted in Captain Stephenson's company of riflemen in 1775.

ALLEN, SAMUEL
Service—Virginia Va. No. 2677 No. S-6484

Enlisted August 15, 1780, in Augusta County, Va. Served eighteen months as a private under Captain Bell, 6th Regiment, commanded by Colonel Blewford and Colonel Campbell. Was at Guilford, Eutaw Springs, Ninety-six and Augusta Fort.

Applied for pension October 17, 1820, Monroe County, Va., aged 72, and filed other applications February 16, 1829, and August, 1832. Certificate was issued December 13, 1832, later suspended, but payment was resumed October 21, 1835.

ALLEN, WILLIAM
Service—Virginia No. W-25344

Born October 3, 1749, Albemarle County, later Amherst County, Va. Enlisted June 16, 1779, Amherst County, and served as private two years in Thomas Taylor's Company, Virginia Convention Guards. Married December 16, 1807.

Applied for pension September 25, 1832, Nelson County. Died March 6, 1838, Nelson Courthouse. Widow, Dolly, applied for pension, May 31, 1854, Kanawha County, Va. Residence Putnam County. Pension allowed. In 1862, lived at Coals Mouth; in 1866, aged 80, resided Kanawha County.

Names and dates of birth of children: Barbara L., December 14, 1808; George W., March 26, 1810; Jesse J., July 16, 1813; William H., June 14, 1816; Landon C., June 6, 1819; Sally B., May 9, 1822; James M., July 8, 1825; Elizabeth M., April 14, 1828; Andrew Jackson, June 10, 1831.

Soldier's sons, William and Landon, were with mother when she applied for pension. James Allen resided in Kanawha in 1855. In 1851, John Allen, who was apparently another son, lived in Nelson County, Ky. In 1854, John Hansford, justice of the peace for Kanawha County, Alva Hansford, and Victoria F. Hansford are mentioned. No family relationship shown.

ANDERSON, JACOB
Service—Virginia Va. No. 12551 War Dept. No. 12507 No. 37675

Enlisted in Berkeley County, Va. Served six years in company of Captain W. T. Darke, 8th Virginia Regiment, under Colonel Bowman. Saw action at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. Wounded three times in action. Applied for pension, 1818, in Berkeley County. Died in 1834.

ANDERSON, JAMES (alias Asher Crockett)
Service—Virginia Va. No. 12762 No. W-2533

Born September, 1760, Hampshire County, Va. Died January 16, 1846, Wayne County. Enlisted, 1776, Hampshire County, and served three years in the Virginia Line, in command under Captain Fitzpatrick and Colonel Hite. Mentions General Washington, Baron DeRall, General Lafayette, and others.

Married September 11, 1800, Montgomery County, Va., to Sarah Blankinship. He was married as Asher Crockett, the name which he assumed when he ran away from his master in Hampshire County to join the army in 1776.

Pension application, Cabell and Wayne Counties, January 1, 1836. Widow applied for pension July 7. 1851; September 10, 1853. Pension granted December 13, 1853. September 10, 1874, children claimed unpaid pension due parents. Widow died September 9, 1862, at Wayne Courthouse. Names of children: Andrew Crockett, and Elizabeth Kelley and Charlotte Miller, both widows. Among witnesses named were William Ratcliff, John Brown, John Frazies, and Spurlock Allen.

ANDERSON, PETER
Service—Virginia No. R-199

Claimed to have been drafted in April, 1776, or 1777, and served five months under Captain Derrick Hogland; then saw other service on the frontier in Indian warfare under Captain William Scott, Colonel Williamson, Colonel Shepherd, Timothy Downing, and Samuel Tilton. Claim supported by F. L. Prentiss. Knew Sam Brady, Benjamin Biggs, and John

Mills. Pension application of December 17, 1832, Wood County, Va., refused. Had lived on Buffalo Creek since 1772.

ANDERSON, WILLIAM

Enlisted in 1775 in Captain Stephenson's company, and re-enlisted in Captain Shepherd's company in June, 1776. Was captured November 16, 1776, in the taking of Fort Washington. Is believed to have joined the British Army, with the advice of his officers, to save his life.

ANGEL, JOHN

Born in Baltimore, Md., and lived in Shepherdstown on Angel Hill, bearing the name of his family. Enlisted by Henry Bedinger December 3, 1782. Must have had previous service as he was at the battle of Eutaw Springs. He was also a survivor of St. Clair's defeat in 1791.

ARBOGAST, ADAM

Service—Virginia Va. No. 6603 No. S-8037

Enlisted in Augusta County, Va., now Pendleton County, W. Va., summer of 1776, 1777, 1778, and served six months as Indian spy and soldier under Captain McCoy, Lieutenant Gwin, and Colonel Hugart, Virginia line. Applied for pension November 6, 1832, Pendleton County, Va., aged 72. Certificate issued March 5, 1833.

He mentions George Burner, Jacob Warwick, George Hull, Eli B. Wilson, and John Simmons in his pension application, and Warwick and Burner testify in his behalf. His application mentions service at Bush's Fort, West's Fort, Lowther's Fort, Coon's Fort, Nutter's Fort and other border outposts, and also at points in the Greenbrier Valley.

ARBUCKLE, MATHEW (Captain)

Born, 1742. Outstanding as a frontiersman from early life. Explored the Kanawha Valley in 1765. Chosen captain of company of scouts and acted as guide to General Lewis' army on way to Point Pleasant, 1774. In 1776, commanded Fort Randolph, Point Pleasant. Remained there three years during which time Chief Cornstalk was killed. Captain Arbuckle was an able officer, trusted by General Hand, commanding officer of Fort Pitt and the western borders. Arbuckle was killed on his way home from Staunton to Greenbrier (1781), by a falling tree during a storm. His son, of the same name, was a general in the regular army.

ARBUCKLE, WILLIAM

Testified in Mason County, Va., November 19, 1833, aged 81, that he volunteered about April, 1777, in Augusta County, Va., to serve against the Indians, under Captain Mathew Arbuckle, Lieutenant Andrew Wallis, and Ensign James Mouitt. Served in garrison at Point Pleasant. Mentions among other officers, Captain Stuart, Colonel Wood, General Clark, and General Hand. Samuel Price and Theophilus McCoy testified for him. Pension was rejected.

Born in Botetourt County, Va., 1752. Lived in Augusta County until he entered service. Later moved to Greenbrier and then to Mason County, Va.

ARCHER, STEPHEN
Service—Navy—Pennsylvania—Virginia No. W-11133

Enlisted in Greene County, Pa., 1776, and served as marine, 1782-1783. In battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Yorktown, served under General Washington, Colonel Bowser, Captain Mullins, Alexander, Trimble, and Lieutenant Johnson. Mullins and Alexander were in command of Frigate Delaware on which Archer was stationed, and most of its crew were captured and died in prison following capture of Philadelphia. Lieutenant Richard Johnston testified for Archer; also Moses Sine, Jesse Wright, and Isaac Shriver. On June 12, 1822 or 1823, Archer married Mary, daughter of William and Margaret Lign, who was born August 21, 1800, York County, Pa. Their children were Elizabeth, aged 35, and Mary, aged 20. (Note some confusion as to dates.) Archer died May 12, 1824. Grave on Day's Run, Monongalia County. (May have been married twice.)

Applied for pension May 25, 1818, Greene County, Pa., at age of 75. Pension granted, and later tranferred to Monongalia County. Widow applied for pension February 27, 1855, and made application for bounty land, April 6, 1855. Widow seems to have married man named Rice, April 24, 1835.

ARGABRIGHT, JACOB (Argubrite, Argabrite)
Service—Virginia Va. No. 16786 No. S-12907

Born, Lancaster County, Pa., about 1760, and as a boy moved to Rockingham County, Va. There enlisted in May, 1778, under Captain Cravens, and served nine months at Fort Westfall, and Fort Haddan in Tygarts Valley, and at Fort Lawrence and Fort McIntosh. In 1780, enlisted in cavalry from Berkeley County under Captain Sullivan. Saw service at Cowpens and at the Siege of Yorktown. Among other officers named were Colonel Frieze, Captain Croker, Colonel Darke, Colonel Crawford, Major Noll, Colonel Gibson, and General McIntosh. He saw the body of Lieutenant Park after he had been killed by the Indians.

Applied for pension in Monroe County, October 15, 1832. Certificate issued September 25, 1833, 22 months, which was soon after suspended but later resumed. Among those supporting his claim were Rev. William Adair, Henry Alexander, and John Hutchinson.

ARNETT (ARNOT), HENRY
Service—New Jersey—New York Va. No. 6180 No. S-8030

Born in Orange County, N. Y., 1761; was in Sussex County, N. J., 1772; and in Monroe County, Va., 1832. Enlistments between 1776 and 1782, of ten months, under Captain Wessner and Major Logan in Colonel Nichol's regiment, New Jersey. Was on marches through New Jersey and New York under Captain Gordon, Major Logan, and Colonel Wisenfelt. Discharged at Albany. Only 14 years old when he saw his first service. Made application for pension, Monroe County, Va., August 22, 1832. Certificate granted, February 25, 1833. James Christy and Samuel Clark supported his claim. Applicant mentions Colonel John Hutchinson, Colonel Richard Shanklin, Colonel Andrew Burne, Henry Alexander, Isaac Corrothers, and William Erskine.

ASH, ADAM

Born in Germany in 1744, or in Holland: died May 1, 1819. Enlisted in 1776 in Captain Parker's company of Chester County, Pa., militia, and, in 1781, in Captain George Ensol's company, Bedford County, Pa., militia. Probably married in Germany to Catherine Yost. Resided in Harrison County, Va., after the Revolution. The children were Adam, Jr., Glovers Gap; John, Tyler County; Peter, Harrison County.

ASHBY, JOHN (Major)

Captain in the Third Virginia Regiment, March 18, 1776; wounded at Germantown, October 14, 1777; resigned October 30, 1777; major of Virginia militia, 1780-1781.

On April 13, 1838, by executive order of the State of Virginia, additional land bounty was given the heirs of John Ashby for his services as a Captain in the Continental Line, Revolutionary War. His name remains in Mineral County, W. Va., at Fort Ashby, where he was particularly active.

Following notes concern his heirs: Dolly Ashby died before her father. She had married Robert Jones and left the following children: Gabriel, Polly, Betsy, William A., Francis, Robert, Harriett, and Juliet Jones. Since the death of Ashby, the following children died before 1840: Martha, who married John Withers, Marshall, Thomas, Turner, Samuel (who left Maria, Henry, Jameson, Kitty, Clarkson, Martha, and Caroline); John (who left William, Elizabeth, Mary T., Lucy S., Susan, and Roberta); Nimrod, (who left Rebecca, Edwin, Albert, Nimrod, Mary, Amanda, Jane, Samuel, Adeline, and John); Elizabeth, (married John Tutt, since dead) whose children are: Mary Ann, Martha, Betsy, John, Dolly, Virginia, and Juliet Tutt.

ASHCRAFT (ASHCROFT), JOHN

Service—Pennsylvania Va. No. 2131 No. S-6537

Enlisted in spring of 1781 and served 12 months as private in company of Captains Ashcraft, Cline, and Sutton under General Clark. Applied for pension July 28, 1832, in Harrison County. Certificate issued November 19, 1832. Aged 95 in 1832.

ASHCRAFT, URIAH

Service—Pennsylvania—Virginia No. R-278

Born in Lancaster County, Pa., 1762. Enlisted in Fayette County, Pa., 1778. Service under Captain Sutton, Hayden, Ritchie, Bowers, George Jackson, Martin, Bradford, Haymond, Colonel John McClellan, and General Wayne, and others. Applied for pension, Harrison County, Va., October 12, 1833. Mentions Francis Goodwin and Daniel Morris. Letters filed by C. Nutter and Benjamin Copeland. Claim refused on ground of insufficient service.

ATHEY, JAMES

Application for pension dated in Wood County, Va. Soldier claimed to have enlisted February 10, 1778, as private in Captain Stephen Ashby's Company, under Colonel John Neville and Colonel James Wood's

Virginia Regiment, and to have served until February 16, 1779. Athey resided in Virginia in 1834 and stated that he had rendered no service in the Revolution. Claim was therefore rejected in letter of March 26, 1835, as was that of Spencer Sharp.

ATHY, THOMAS
Service—Virginia No. S-37689

Made application for pension, Hampshire County, Va., August 18, 1818, at age of 72. Had two years service under Captain William Patterson, 16th Virginia Regiment, Continental Establishment. Honorably discharged at Middleton, N. J. Certificate issued March 6, 1819. He married Senna Ann Wilder in Fairfax County, Va., to whom two sons, Elisha and Benjamin, were born.

ATKINS, HEZEKIAH

Born September 20, 1759, Goochland County, Va. Enlisted from Montgomery County, Va., and served under Captain Thomas Burke and Captain George Faris. William Lucas of Logan County testified that Atkins served at Lucas Fort, Montgomery County, for three months. Also guarded baggage train in North Carolina. Applied for pension January 26, 1835, and died soon after. His widow, May Atkins, also made applications for pensions in 1852 and 1854, but apparently without success.

ATKINS, JOHN

Born 1755, Henry County, Va. Later moved to Montgomery County, then to Cabell, and then to Fayette County. Enlisted under Captain David Harrison in Henry County, marched to North Carolina, was stationed at Augurn's Mills, and was discharged in 1779, Salisbury, N. C. Re-enlisted under Captain Thomas Henderson, marched to Guilford Courthouse, and later joined General Green. Guarded prisoners after surrender at Yorktown, and was discharged there. Pension refused. Sufficient service not established.

ATKINSON, RICHARD THOMAS
Service—Virginia Va. No. 18101 No. S-37691

Enlisted under name of Richard Thomas in order to disguise the fact that he had been a British soldier. Entered service June, 1776, Martinsburg, Berkeley County. Enlistment also shown from June 4, 1778, to March 20, 1779, under Lieutenant Pendleton and Captain Long, Fifth Maryland Regiment, Colonel Stephenson, General Stephens, General Putnam and General Washington. Was at surrender of Fort Washington on York Island. Fellow soldier prisoners were John Keene, William Boyd, Daniel Heartley, Patrick Howeringham, Sergeant David Gray, and Thomas Rogers. Later escaped. Was at Brandywine and Germantown. His claims supported by Nathaniel Pendleton, living in Dutchess County, N. Y., November 10, 1819.

Applied for pension April 20, 1818, and June 26, 1820, Monongalia County. He was 75 years old. Wife's age, 77. One child living, Margaret, aged 30. The applicant was stated to have died June 11, 1828.

AVIS, ROBERT
Service—Virginia Va. No. 20425 No. S-38509

Enlisted, Berkeley County, March 6, 1776, and June, 1777. Served as private 18 months under Captain Darke, Virginia line regiment, commanded by Colonel Muhlenberg. Had service in the north and then with the southern Continental armies. Received honorable discharge in North Carolina.

Applied for pension April 20. 1829, Jefferson County. Certificate issued March 26, 1832. Died prior to September 22, 1834. Refers to four daughters. Mentions Richard Duffield, Philip Engle, Lewis Romans, William Adams, and William Phelan.

BAILEY, ISHAM
Service—Virginia Va. No. 16687 No. S-12965

Enlisted 1777, Albemarle County, Va., under Captain London Jones and Lieutenant James Woods. Stationed along seaboard watching British shipping, with First Virginia Regiment. Re-enlisted and served under Captain Harris, Leaks, Thomas, and Wharton, and Colonel Matthews and General Nelson. For a time was with General Lafayette at Jamestown.

Applied for pension May 11, 1833, Kanawha County, Va. Certificate issued September 16, 1833. Died January 4, 1835. Reference to his son, Isham Bailey, Jr.

BAILEY, JOHN

Indication that he was drafted in Albemarle County, Va., in 1777, under Captain Landon (or London) Jones and Lieutenant James Wood, and attached to the First Virginia Regiment under General Nelson. Later drafted under Captain John Harris and Lieutenant Ralph Thomas. Third draft under Captain Mark Leake and Lieutenant John Wharton. Total service about five months. Resided in Kanawha County, 1833.

BAILEY, RICHARD

The first settlement at Beaver Pond, where Bluefield now stands, is believed to have been made by Richard Bailey, who is supposed to have had service in the Revolutionary War. He settled there in 1780, following the earlier settlement of Mitchell Clay at Clover Bottom. When the Indians broke up the Clover Bottom settlement in 1783, Bailey held his ground and helped build the Bailey-Davidson Fort as protection against the Indians.

BAILEY, WILLIAM
Service—Virginia Va. No. 16688 and 25422 No. W-5777

Enlisted Albemarle County, Va., 1776, and served two years under Captain Walker, 9th Virginia Regiment. Was at Brunswick and Saratoga. Received discharge at White Horse, fifteen miles from Philadelphia. Applied for pension, Kanawha County, Va., May 14, 1833. Aged 79. Certificate granted September 16, 1833. Died February 28, 1837.

Married Sarah Sprouse, May, 1795, Albemarle County. Wife died July 17, 1851. Children's names: Nancy, 1798, married Mathew Philips; Betsy, 1802, married David Graham; Sally, 1803, died at age of two; Samuel,

1805, Putnam County; James, 1806, Kanawha County; William, 1808, Putnam County; John, 1810, died 1861, Kanawha County; Lucinda, 1812, no children; Martha, 1814, married Joseph Lanham (or Lanum); Reuben, 1817. Nancy Bailey Philips died, Warren County, Ky., about 1838, leaving seven children. Oldest, named James B. Betsy Graham, lived in Buckingham, Nelson, or Albemarle counties. John had three children: Mary, Elizabeth, and Martha Jane. Martha Lanham lived in Putnam County, Va. John, Pleasant, and Loving Lanham also mentioned. In Kanawha County, May 3, 1853, Nancy Hill, aged 76, formerly of Albemarle County, testified she was present at marriage of Sarah Sprouse and William Bailey, May, 1795, by Reverend Irving.

BAKER, ANTHONY

Service—Virginia Va. No. 16690 No. S-12957

Born about 1761, Shenandoah County, Va. Enlisted April, 1780-81, Hampshire County, now Hardy County, Va. Served six months under Captain Richardson, Major Stubblefield, Colonel Stephens, and General Green in the Virginia line. Applied for pension May 23, 1833, Hardy County. Certificate issued September 16, 1833. Comrades named: William Heath, Jacob Hutton, Jacob Fisher, James Miles, Jacob Harness, John Yoacum, and George Jacob Neff.

BAKER (BECKER), GEORGE

Born, Lancaster County, Pa., February 6, 1762. Died in Monongalia County, Va., June 27, 1844. Took oath of allegiance July 18, 1778. Enlisted as private, Major Moore's Company, First Pennsylvania Regiment, 1780. His father, Peter Becker, who came to America on ship "Loyal Judith," about 1740, settled in Lancaster County, and was also in Revolution.

George settled on Cheat Neck, Monongalia County, after the Revolution. Married Elizabeth Norris whose father, William Norris, had patented land there in 1772. Five generations of the family are buried in the Baker graveyard.

BAKER, SOLOMON

Service—Tennessee. Indian Spy No. 28449 No. 438

Born in Berkeley County, Va., 1763. Enlisted March, 1781, in company under Captain Baird. Applied for pension October 27, 1833, in Lewis County and Nicholas County. Claim supported by James Posey and Peter Bonnett. Pension refused on account of age of applicant.

BALEY, JOSEPH

Service—Pennsylvania Va. No. 23711 No. S-17833

Born 1761. Enlisted in Bedford County, Pa., in command of Captain Fisher, Lieutenant Anderson, and Colonel Piper. Applied for pension July 12, 1835, Harrison County, Va. Certificate issued March 24, 1836, but later suspended.

BALLARD, PHILIP

Service—Virginia Va. No. 23272 No. S-9094

Born in Albemarle or Orange County, Va., about 1757. Enlisted in Albemarle or Orange County and served two years as private under

Captain Spencer, Virginia Line, in commands of Colonel Taliaferro, Lieutenant Colonel Stevens, and Major Tom Marshall. Applied for pension August 21, 1832, Logan County. Certificate issued December 24, 1833, in favor of Mary Ballard, widow, since applicant had died April 13, 1833. Land bounty warrant for 100 acres also granted March 12, 1833.

BALLARD, WILLIAM

Grave of William Ballard is on the Cummings farm near Wikel Post Office, Monroe County. He died near the Shumate home on Indian Creek, September, 1799. He served in the Virginia militia in the Revolution with other brothers and was in the battle of Yorktown, October 19, 1781.

BANNOY, BENJAMIN

Shortly after the Revolution, Benjamin Bannoy, who had been a soldier in the Revolutionary Army, made a settlement near Meadowville, Barbour County.

BARGER, JOHN

Enlisted in Captain Shepherd's company in June, 1776. Was drafted into another unit in August of the same year.

BARNES, THOMAS

Born December 6, 1750; died October 19, 1836. Was a Revolutionary War sergeant in Captain Abner Crump's Company, First Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel George Gibson, October, 1777. (See payroll, War Department, Washington.) His name was on list of those receiving certificates for balance of pay, dated July 15, 1783, services prior to January, 1782. Graves of family moved from Barnsville to the Fairmont Cemetery. (Name sometimes spelled Barns, but the Revolutionary War records carry the old English spelling of the name as Barnes.)

BARNETT, ISAAC No. R-532

Made application for pension in Nicholas and Lewis counties. Unfavorable reports made by Colonel Gideon C. Camden, Colonel Asa Squires, and P. B. Byrne, who believed that his age would not have permitted service in the Revolution. His claim, with 27 others, rejected in letter dated November 16, 1835, to Weedon Hoffman, Weston, Va.

Book Reviews

JOHNSON NEWLON CAMDEN, by Festus P. Summers (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 575 pages; $5.00.)

In factual but effective prose Dr. Summers has told the story of a man extremely prominent in both the industrial and political life of West Virginia in the days of her early statehood. He has attempted no intimate, highly personalized biography. The personal details of Mr. Camden's life are subordinated to his several roles in the political dramas of the two Virginias and to his part in the industrial life of the state—in the development of the famous oil field of Burning Springs, in the building of railroads, and in the many related enterprises in which he led. Through this story of Johnson Newlon Camden run many names familiar to all West Virginians and to an astonishing degree the biography traces the history of the state itself. Yet Mr. Camden's personal characteristics are not completely neglected. If he often seems to personify big business as a social force (as he does, it seems to me, in the early days of the Rockefeller alliance), he never completely loses his individuality.

West Virginia's first great industrialist was born in Collin's Settlement, now Jacksonville, Lewis County, 1828, and died 80 years later—having been banker, lawyer, coal operator, oil producer, senator, builder of railroads (the enumeration of his achievements reminds one of Whitman's poems, somehow—in their embodiment of the breadth and energy of a rapidly growing nation). His formal education included study at the subscription schools of his home community, two years' attendance at the Northwestern Academy in Clarksburg, and two years as a West Point cadet. He resigned from the military academy in 1847, began the study of law and was admitted to the bar five years later. He served as prosecuting attorney of Braxton and Nicholas counties and became assistant cashier of the newly organized Weston branch of the Exchange Bank of Virginia. By this time his sound business judgment and foresight had marked him for success and it was only a few years later that we find him leader of the famous Burning Springs oil production. After the Civil War he established the state's first oil refinery at Parkersburg (where he made his home after 1859), entered into an early alliance with the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and organized the Baltimore United Oil Company.

About 1875 he turned his attention to railroad building, and under his leadership were built the line from Clarksburg to Camden-on-Gauley and Weston to Pickens, the Monongahela railroad, the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh, the Ohio River railroad, and the Camden Interstate Interurban system.

During these rapid strides toward great wealth Mr. Camden had not held aloof from the political activities of the new state. In fact, he was able to combine very effectively politics and business—with the latter obviously the more important of the forces. In 1868 and again four years later he was Democratic candidate for governor. In 1880 he was elected to the United States Senate, and during the latter part of his life was never able to keep completely out of political activities, even after his retirement in 1895.

It is the story of a practical business man with a vast imagination. Yet this imagination seems to have confined itself to that which has to do with money and industry and the use of power conferred by the possession of wealth. With the arts and things intellectual he was only very mildly concerned. In politics he was practical too, given to a diplomacy that did not hesitate to employ ambiguity and, if the occasion demanded, plain straddling. In his political career there is little of the spectacular; it is simply that of a business man who moves with the deliberation becoming to wealth and power.

The author was for a long time teacher and principal in the public schools of West Virginia. From 1928 to 1931 he was professor of history and political science at Morris Harvey College and for six years has been a member of the History Department of West Virginia University.

Charleston, W. Va. MABEL ANN WEST

CHRONICLES OF OLD BERKELEY, by Mabel Henshaw Gardiner and Ann Henshaw Gardiner (The Seeman Press, Durham, N. C., 1938, 323 pages; $5.00.)

Chronicles of Old Berkeley deals with a region of particular interest in West Virginia history, a region where a moving tide of early settlers from the north and east could pick out the land of their dreams or find pleasant passage southward into the Valley of the Virginias, a region from which a pioneering second or third generation might take a new start toward home and fortune in the western lands.

"Old Berkeley," formed in 1772, has several connotations. While present inhabitants thereof may dote on the beauty and charm of the region and the richness of its heritage from the past, there is a significance of wider import in the fact that it is in reality the oldest county in the State. True, Hampshire was created eighteen years earlier, but Berkeley was preceded by a long tradition of organized county government as a part of Frederick formed out of Orange in 1738, while Hampshire before 1754 existed only as a part of an unorganized territory called West Augusta.

The authors of the "Chronicles" are Mabel Henshaw Gardiner, for many years head of the history department in Shepherd College, and her daughter, Ann Henshaw Gardiner, on the faculty of Duke University.

Their ancestry may be traced back to several of the oldest settlers and most prominent citizens of the early county—to one of its founders, Captain William Henshaw, who fought with Braddock and Hugh Stephenson and with Colonel James Wood in the Continental army; to Joseph

and Isaac Evans; to William McConnell, the gentleman justice, Continental patriot, and owner of land on Mill Creek as early as 1772; to Colonel Robert Snodgrass, Berkeley member of the Virginia Assembly, and his father, William, who received a grant of land from Lord Fairfax in 1732 and built Snodgrass Tavern on Back Creek. Collateral lines include the names of Hedges, Little, McKown and others.

And so there was handed down to the chronicler descendants such valuable source materials as diaries, copies of town and court records, old receipts, letters from the family gentlemen at the seat of government in the Old Dominion, and some fairly well preserved copies of the oldest newspapers of the Eastern Panhandle and adjoining states.

The chroniclers have very properly chosen not to be hampered by any prescribed formula setting apart definite proportions of their book to this or that period or phase of the county's history. Instead they have selected generally the less accessible materials and the items of more absorbing interest and picturesque nature.

There is no attempt to record in detail history of recent years, which can rarely be raised above the level of "booster" material. Beginning with early defenses against the Indians, the book deals largely with the period ending with the War between the States. Chapter titles are as follows: The Background and Formation of Berkeley County; The Establishment of Towns and Their Early History; Institutional and Industrial Life; The State Militia and the Civil War; Reconstruction Days and Later Development; An Anthology of Berkeley.

There is a clear account of the development of transportation, the turnpike, ferry, stagecoach, canal and railroad and their effect on the social and industrial development of the region which then included Jefferson and part of Morgan also; detailed records of towns established in the larger Berkeley; the part of the Baltimore and Ohio in the War between the States, a war keenly felt in this region; the great strike of 1877; the importance of military companies in antebellum days and a full description of their elaborate uniforms; the story of the Martinsburg Library Society formed in 1826, and mention of early schools and schoolmasters.

Chronicles of Old Berkeley is valuable for intimate bits showing something of earlier life and customs, and for the great number of names, interesting to descendants scattered through many States.

Besides pictures of old homes and taverns and churches, the book contains a copy of the 1790 plot of Martinsburg and John P. Kearfott's 1847 map of Berkeley. One might selfishly have desired also the 1809 Varle map of Frederick, Berkeley and Jefferson for its sociological data on the Old Berkeley before Jefferson and Morgan were cut off.

Shepherd College, Shepherdstown, W. Va. A. D. KENAMOND

THE PATRIOT, by Pearl Buck (John Day Co., New York, N. Y., 1938, 372 pages; $2.50.)

A letter from Pearl Buck dated May 19, 1927, Unzen, Japan, says, "After all the turmoil in Nanking we are here for a few months on this mountain top in Japan, living in a little Japanese house among pines."

Nearly eleven years later we have *The Patriot*, a novel which portrays an intimate knowledge of Japan as well as China. The author catches the spirit of the Japanese in their homes, their business relations, their passionate patriotism, and their blind acceptance of whatever is demanded as duty to country. Though China and an understanding of and sympathy for its people is woven into the warp and woof of her being, she can still see, and make us see, the point of view of the everyday, loyal Japanese, and not condemn him as bad.

Perhaps this introduction will deter some from reading *The Patriot*, fearing they may be bored by involved discussions as to the present war. How unfortunate that would be, for this is a beautiful love story, beautifully expressed, the war serving merely as a setting for its unfolding and development.

Wu I-wan, the hero of *The Patriot*, grows up in Shanghai, in a wealthy home, the son of a prominent banker, with the sickish sweet smell of his grandmother's opium pipe forever in his nostrils. His chief companion in the house is Peony, a young and beautiful slave girl, who attends to his every want. He almost falls in love with her, but not quite.

By chance I-wan meets Liu-En-lan, an able young peasant from the north. Through him I-wan goes to a government school and joins a secret band of young communists, one of many groups scattered all over China. He throws himself passionately into the cause, ashamed of the ease and luxury of his life. En-lan tells I-wan, "You are an idealist, I-wan, and that is your weakness." The blow is to be struck when Chiang Kai-shek enters Shanghai, but the night before, his father wakes him, tells him Chiang has agreed to purge the city of communists, and his freedom has been bought only on condition that he leave the country that day.

So I-wan, sick with disappointment, begins a new life in Japan as a clerk for his father's friend, Mr. Muraki. Soon I-wan "felt wrapped about in peace. There were lightness and clarity and absolute cleanliness, and in spite of fragility, a feeling of long-settled stability."

The daughter of the house is Tama, a modern girl, who puts on western clothes to go to school every morning, but exchanges them each evening for "her own soft Japanese dress," and is trained in all the old ways of homemaking. Gradually I-wan falls in love with Tama and Mr. Muraki gives his consent to their engagement, after Tama threatens to take her own life, even slashing one wrist.

The wedding was over . . . I-wan and Tama are radiantly happy in their little home, but when a young son is to come, I-wan has secret misgivings. "There were times when he was afraid of his own unborn sons —even his father's wealth and power were perhaps not enough to protect a child born of a Japanese woman."

One day there is a dreadful earthquake, and I-wan sees "beneath the playfulness of these people who knew how to enjoy as children enjoy, was also this dogged resolve, which made them able to endure anything if they must."

"Years later when he heard it sworn that soon the war would be over he shook his head. No, not soon, and perhaps never. These island people

had been trained to vaster foes than man. They had fought earthquake, fire, and typhoon. These had been the enemies who had trained them in war."

Gradually I-wan comes to feel he must go home to fight for China. He tells Tama, "I didn't know what I ought to do until tonight. An old man holding a little box of ashes made me see how sweet and—right—it is to die for one's country." She swallowed once or twice and wiped her eyes again. "As a Japanese, I understand that," she said.

I-wan goes back to China, has a personal interview with Chiang Kai-shek, and is sent by plane to deliver a message to the far distant communist army in the northwest. The leader of this army proves to be his old friend En-lan, married to the slave girl, Peony, and I-wan joins their ranks. Meanwhile Tama writes, "Every day I explain to our sons how brave you are and how beautiful a country China is and how we belong to China—do I not belong to you, and they to us?"

And thus the book ends, with I-wan still an idealist, dreaming of the future of his country and his reunited family. "And I-wan went out from Chiang Kai-shek with these words in his ears—The new road to Burma! . . . Well, it was a strange way to fight a war, perhaps, to make a great road westward while the enemy bombed the east! But it was their way. What if the real country his sons would know was this new inner China, looking not seaward, but across the mountains to India? Who knew? But who knew anything?"

Richmond, Ky. EMMA E. WHITE, (Mrs. Locke)

AMERICAN NABOB, by Holmes Alexander (Harper and Brothers, New York, 1939, 473 pages; $2.50.)

We have wanted a great West Virginia novel. *American Nabob* is not it. We have wanted an outstanding historic novel with a West Virginia background. *American Nabob* is not it.

It is not possible to review any book adequately in a few paragraphs. And certainly it is not expected that Holmes Alexander's book could be given a complete appraisal within the short space allotted for this review.

The author missed a great opportunity. He had data, dramatic situations, stirring events in American history, a plot that could not be equalled in the fraticidal strife, and yet he contented himself by patterning after some of the modern novelists who feel that impossible situations and vulgar events must be used to interest readers.

For fear someone may believe that *American Nabob* is not worth reading, let us hasten to explain that it is well written, has a fascinating style, and is intensely interesting. The book is lacking only because the author fails to make the best use of his material.

The scene of the story is at Clarksburg and other places in central West Virginia. Curtis Larkins, banker at Clarksburg, is the principal character. However, Clarksburg is called Cornstalk. (Why the author used that name is not apparent, because he used Weston, Glenville, and other actual place names.)

The beginning of the book is just before the outbreak of the Civil War. Larkins has come to Tygarts County, West Augusta, and become wealthy

by conducting a financial institution. The intimation is that he was not always honest and upright in his dealings with bank depositors and various other business associates.

His wife, Edna, detests the place and wants to return to Richmond. But the banker takes pleasure in tormenting her and making fun of her desires and wishes. His wife is really very much in love with him and though she tries in every way possible to make him happy, he still carries his arrogance and egotism into the home, strutting like a peacock before her.

The events leading up to the secession convention at Richmond and the actual work of the convention are treated slightly. In it, the author intimates that the B. & W. Railroad (Baltimore and Ohio) attempted to bribe delegates to gain an advantage. In fact, he brings the railroad into the book in several places with little credit to that transportation system.

After the convention, the banker returns to Cornstalk and begins to work toward the formation of a new State. It is not apparent that he actually exerted much influence in having the convention called at Wheeling, but frequent references are made to his going back and forth from Wheeling to Washington and it is inferred that he is engaged in working out plans for the formation of a new state, West Virginia.

The story of the old German, Schulekraft, who owned a slave farm at Shinnston, is disgusting and vulgar; especially revolting is the scene where young Negro girls are forced to go into the pens in which bucks had been confined for several weeks.

Much of the book is taken up with the discovery of oil at Burning Springs. The author has Siple Larkins, a mountain man, come to the banker, whom he refers to as cousin, and borrow money with which to drill a well. He competes with the Rathburns who seem to have a monopoly on the "grease" production at that place. From here they ship their oil to Parkers Landing (Parkersburg).

During the War, General Jones comes to the place and burns a great storage of oil, estimated at more than 100,000 barrels. Of course, the banker and his protege escape with their supply of oil just before the catastrophe.

After the war, Larkins continues his manipulations, his efforts to acquire property by fair means or foul. In order to do this he forms strange partnerships with Luke Hewes, Siple Larkins, and Kathy Schulekraft; the first a crooked lawyer, the second an oil operator, and the third a hotel keeper and later mine superintendent.

John D. Rockefeller is brought into the story when he organized the Southern Development Company, a sort of monopoly which controlled refineries and dictated freight rates. Larkins fights the Standard Oil Company, and refuses in a high-handed manner to give consideration to an offer to purchase his refinery; but later, during the panic of 1873, he sells for two million dollars cash.

Then, for some unknown reason, the author has the hard-working banker take a vacation. He goes to Washington, registers at the Willard Hotel without baggage, and is compelled to pay in advance. When the

manager asks him how long he means to remain, he is informed that his stay will be indefinite; whereupon, the manager, asking if his baggage would arrive soon, is answered by the banker that where he came from people traveled light.

The author sort of dragged in a thought of the manager: "The right sort of people who hailed from the thirty-fifth state (West Virginia) seldom admitted it; the wrong sort didn't belong at the Willard."

All through the book one gets the impression that Mr. Alexander, a native West Virginian who has lived in Maryland most of his life, feels that the early settlers in this State were a poor sort; that life was cheap, and that honor, character, and integrity were unknown.

Near the close of the book, Larkins is berated by Siple's wife, a mountain woman who had great strength of character. She said: "I reckon ef the devil's loose on earth today, he looks like you."

The closing chapter is about the weakest part of the story. When the author makes his principal character, a strong business leader, marry the daughter of the slave-dealer, it is a letdown.

We are still hoping for a great West Virginia novel.

Charleston, W. Va.

PHIL CONLEY.

State History as Featured by the Press

NEWSPAPERS:

Charleston Daily Mail, the *Sesqui-Centennial of Kanawha County*, 1789-1939, edition, June 4, contains numerous historical articles covering the period from the establishment of Fort Lee, in 1788, to the present day.

The Parkersburg Sentinel, the *Golden Anniversary Edition*, 1889-1939, 132 p., June 27, celebrating fifty years of progress, carried numerous comprehensive articles relative to the history of Wood County, Blennerhassett Island and the city of Parkersburg.

Herald-Advertiser (Huntington), *Fiftieth Anniversary Edition*, 224 p. August 27, contains numerous historical articles relative to Cabell county, the city of Huntington, and early history of the C. and O. railroad.

Covington-Virginian (Covington, Va.), special edition, August 29, carries much historical material relative to the Greenbrier River valley region, White Sulphur Springs, and *Lewisburg in the Civil War.*

Grafton Sentinel, *A History of Taylor County*, by Charles Brinkman, a serial. First chapter began April 18.

The Mountaineer (Ripley), *Early History of Pioneer Days in Jackson County*, a serial, by Tommie Sewell. First chapter, February 16.

Wheeling Intelligencer, *The Story of the 154th Anniversary of Historical M. E. Church*, July 25.

The Hinton Leader, *Rowan Will Receive Honors from Cuba*, July 13.

Wheeling News Register, *Portrait of Nathan Shotwell, founder of West Virginia Academy; One Hundredth Anniversary of New Cumberland*, July 30.

Raleigh Register (Beckley), *Early Wyoming County History*, July 10, August 6.

The Montgomery News, *The Huddleston Family*, July 14.

The West Virginia News (Ronceverte), *Two Noted Apple Varieties Produced on West Virginia Soil; Old Sweet Springs in the Golden Age*, July 27, August 17.

Parkersburg News, *Locks and Dams of the Beautiful Ohio; Blennerhassett Island; Belleville, Wood County; Cummins Jackson, Unique Character in West Virginia History*, by Minnie Kendall Lowther, July 23, 30, August 6, 20.

RANDOLPH ENTERPRISE (Elkins), *A History of Randolph County*, a serial, by F. A. Rowan, former county clerk.

HERALD DISPATCH, *Chronicles of Early Huntington*, a serial, by Robert L. Archer.

CHARLESTON DAILY MAIL, *Valuable Lands Cost Little in Nations Early Life; First Brick Pavement; Study Proves Flood Legend; Capitol Site was Civil War Battlefield; Charleston Surrounded by Troops During Civil War*, July 11, 30, August 6, 11, 13, by George Summers.

MINERAL DAILY NEWS-TRIBUNE (Keyser), *Mineral County Soldiers in French and Indian Wars*, August 9.

TYLER COUNTY JOURNAL, *Centennial Celebration of Middlebourne Baptist Church*, August 10.

THE POINT PLEASANT REGISTER, *Interesting Early History Found on Herman Clark Farm at Graham Station*, August 16.

CLARKSBURG EXPONENT, *Shinnston Church to Mark 98th Anniversary*, August 17.

WESTON DEMOCRAT, *Lewis County's 152d Anniversary to be Observed*, August 18.

WESTON INDEPENDENT, *History of Smith's Run Church*, July 28.

NICHOLAS CHRONICLE, *History of the Summersville Baptist Church*, August 24.

CLARKSBURG EXPONENT, *Anniversary of Lumberport Church Recalls Early Days of Methodism in West Virginia*, August 25.

FARMERS ADVOCATE (Charles Town), *Century Old Well Uncovered Here*, August 18.

POCAHONTAS TIMES, *Early Forts in Greenbrier*, July 9.

NEW DOMINION (Morgantown), *Valuable Old Records Collected at University*, July 17.

CHARLESTON GAZETTE, *Snatch of Traitor Arnold Almost Made by Champe*, August 5.

SHEPHERDSTOWN REGISTER, *The Old Episcopal Graveyard*, August 17.

THE INDEPENDENT (Shepherdstown), *Excellent History of the Shepherd Family;* the *Pack Horse Ford*, June 21, July 26. *A List of Marriages in Jefferson County since 1801*, a serial which began in 1938, also appears.

The dedication on July 15, of the James Rumsey Bridge across the Potomac River, at Shepherdstown, named in honor of the inventor of the steamboat, was featured by the press of Jefferson County, in THE SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON, July 5, 12, 19; and in THE INDEPENDENT, July 12, 19; and in THE SHEPHERDSTOWN REGISTER, July 20.

WHEELING NEWS-REGISTER, *Wheeling—1851*, by Harry Hoffman, August 27.

SHEPHERDSTOWN INDEPENDENT, *Excerpts from Rumsey Genealogy Show Family of Ancient Origin*, August 30.

HERALD-DISPATCH (Huntington), *Historic Bethesda Church to Celebrate 100th Anniversary*, September 2.

WHEELING NEWS-REGISTER, *Wheeling Wages Fight for Suspension Bridge, Its Pride and Joy*, September 3.

BROOKE NEWS (Wellsburg), *Kadesh Chapel Church will Celebrate 148th Birthday: One of Oldest Churches West of Allegheny Mountains*, September 8.

SHEPHERDSTOWN INDEPENDENT, *Shepherd's Town and Sharpsburg Wanted National Capitol in 1790; Tried to Interest President Washington to Select This Spot for Residence of Federal City; Map Showing Donations of Land Offered as Inducement to Locate Capitol Here*, September 6.

MONROE WATCHMAN (Union), *Story of "Mad Ann Bailey"—Colorful Indian Fighter, Retold*, September 7.

SHEPHERDSTOWN INDEPENDENT, *Our Village—More of the Morgans of Mecklenburg and Shepherdstown*, by Helen B. Pendleton, September 7.

MAGAZINES:

WEST VIRGINIA REVIEW, *The Seal of the State; A Restless Indian Queen* (Pepsicona), (June). *Our National Guard; Through Old Garden Gates* (Claymont); *A Visit with General Hines*, (July). *How a Circus Brought the Capitol to Washington; Along the Rhododendron Trail; History Flows with the Kanawha; Portrait of a Lady*, (Margaret Elizabeth (Jackson) Bennett); *And So They Named It* (place names), (August).

OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL QUARTERLY (April) Review, *Our First Great West*, by Temple Bodley.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE (June); and OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL QUARTERLY (April), Review, *The Upper Ohio Valley, 1800-1825*, by James B. Miller.

OHIO STATE ARCHAEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL QUARTERLY, (April); AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW, (July); THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST QUARTERLY, (July); and the MICHIGAN HISTORY MAGAZINE, (Summer Number), Review, *The Old Northwest as the Keystone of the Arch of American Federal Union; A Study in Commerce and Politics*, by A. L. Kolhmeier.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL MAGAZINE (June), *The Ohio Company and Its Relation to Western Pennsylvania*, by Kenneth Bailey; *Lord Dunmore and the Pennsylvania-Virginia Boundary Dispute*, by Percy B. Caley; Review, *George Croghan's Journal of His Trip to Detroit in 1767*—now Published for the first time from the papers of General Thomas Gage, in the William L. Clements Library. Edited by H. H. Peckham.

VIRGINIA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY (July), and NORTH CAROLINA REVIEW (July), Review, *Chronicles of Old Berkeley*, by Mabel and Ann Gardiner.

WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE QUARTERLY, HISTORICAL MAGAZINE (July), Review, *The Founding of American Civilization: The Middle Colonies*, by Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL REVIEW (July), *The Fate of Confederate Archives*, by Dallas D. Irvine; *Washington and the Pittsburgh Route*, by John R. Alden.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY REVIEW (June); JOURNAL OF SOUTHERN HISTORY (February), Review, *Recollections of War and Peace, 1861-1868*, by Anna P. Siviter, Edited by C. H. Ambler.

NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD (April), *Index of Estates of the Upper Ohio Valley*, continued from Volume 59, contributed by E. B. Iams.

THE JOURNAL OF SOUTHERN HISTORY (May), Reviews, *The Peopling of Virginia*, by R. Bennett Bean; *Slave Insurrection in the United States*, by Joseph Cephas Carroll; *Women's Life and Work in the Southern Colonies*, by Julia Cherry Spruill; *Colonial Justice in Virginia*, by George Lewis Chumbley.

Recent Publications of Interest to West Virginians

Frontiers of Enchantment, by W. R. Leigh, Simon and Schuster, Publishers, New York City, 1938.

The Patriot, by Pearl Buck, Day Publishing Co., New York City, 1938.

Recollections of War and Peace, 1861-1868, by Anna Peirpont Siviter; edited by C. H. Ambler, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, 1938.

The Hamricks and Other Families, by Mayme W. Hamrick, Mennonite Publishing Company, Scottdale, Pa., 1938.

A Mountain Trail, by John J. Cornwell, Dorrance Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1939.

Hope of America, by John C. Shaw, Meador Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., 1938.

Making Light of It, by William Wade, Nashville, Tenn., 1938.

American Nabob, by Holmes Alexander, Harpers, New York City, 1939.

Larnin', by Louise Preysz, Meador Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., 1938.

Utopia, Inc., by Herman Gieske, Fortuny Company, New York City,

Geology and Natural Resources of West Virginia, by Paul H. Price, R. C. Tucker and O. L. Haught, West Virginia Geological Survey, Vol. 10, 1938.

The Story of Sycamore, by Judge Haymond Maxwell, privately printed, 1939.

The River: A National Drama in Pictures and Sound, by Pare Lorentz, Stackpole Sons, New York City, 1938.

Inventory of the Church Archives of West Virginia; The Protestant Episcopal Church: prepared by the Historical Records Survey, W. P. A., 1939. (Mimeographed) Charleston.

Inventory of County Archives of West Virginia, prepared by Historical Records Survey, W. P. A., 1937-1939. (Mimeographed) Charleston.

County Formations and Boundary Changes, prepared by Historical Records Survey, W. P. A., 1938. (Mimeographed) Charleston.

Bibliography of West Virginia, compiled by Innis C. Davis, Charleston Printing Company, Charleston, 1939.

Beacon Lights of West Virginia History, by Phil Conley, Charleston Printing Company, Charleston, 1939.

Youth's Return to Faith, by Norman W. Cox, American Baptist Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., 1938.

Chronicles of Old Berkeley, by Mabel H. Gardiner and Ann H. Gardiner, Seeman Press, Durham, N. C., 1938.

West Liberty, Yesterday and Today, compiled and published by West Liberty College, 1939.

Sesqui-Centennial of Frankfort, Mineral County, West Virginia, Keyser, 1938.

Hill Billy Ballads, by Roy Lee Harmon, Beckley Newspaper Corporation, Beckley, 1938.

Peter Hale, by Julia Davis, Dutton and Co., New York City, 1939.

Human Nature and World Literature, by Dr. D. E. Phillips, Fortuny Company, New York City, 1939.

The Birth of a Boy, by John Woodbridge Bosworth, The Jarrett Printing Co., Charleston, 1939.

Sketches Here and There Along the Way from 1856, by Ella H. Hostetler, Woodruff Printing Co., Lincoln, Neb., 1938.

Printing for the Beginning Pupil—a Text Book, by James W. Loop, Charleston, 1939.

The Licensing of Professions in West Virginia, by Frances P. DeLancy, Foundation Press, Inc., Chicago, Ill., 1938.

A Wishing Well: A play, by Edith Day, Fortuny Publishing Co., New York City, 1939.

The Baltimore and Ohio in the Civil War, by F. P. Summers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City, 1939.

Again the River, by Stella Morgan, 1939.

Gauley Mountain, by Louise McNeil, Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York City, 1939.

River Rising! by Hubert Skidmore, Doubleday Co., New York City, 1939.

Calendar of Papers of Arthur I. Boreman, First Governor of West Virginia, Historical Records Survey, W. P. A. (Mimeographed) Charleston.

Calendar of Papers of William E. Stevenson, Third Governor of West Virginia, Historical Records Survey, W. P. A. (Mimeographed) Charleston.

White Family Records, by Roscoe R. White, (privately printed) Clarksburg, 1939.

The Conrad Clan, by Floyd Wilmer Coffman, The J. K. Ruebush Company, Harrisonburg, Va., 1939.

The Road to Richmond, by Maj. Abner R. Small, University of California Press, Berkeley, California.

Folk Songs of West Virginia, by John Harrington Cox. National Service Bureau, New York.

History of the First Methodist Episcopal Church (Huntington), by W. H. Newcomb. Privately printed, Huntington, 1939.

The Thurmond Family, by Shirley Donnelly (privately printed), Oak Hill, 1939.

Daniel Boone, by John Bakeless. William Morrow Company, New York City, 1939.

Administration of the Civilian Conservation Corps, by Charles P. Harper, 1939.

Contributors

MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS, born in Shepherdstown, West Virginia, now resides in Baltimore, Maryland. He received his A. B., A. M. and Litt. D. degrees from Washington and Lee University; is an editor, historian, and lecturer on Colonial period, U. S. history; editorial adviser, Yale University Press, Chronicles of American Department, 1923; chairman, Baltimore City George Washington Bi-Centennial Commission, 1932; chairman Maryland Tercentenary Commission, 1934. He is the author of many books, including: A History of the United States, 1913; A Brief History of the United States, 1916; A Heritage of Freedom, 1918; Birth of America (play), 1920; American History and Government, 1921; The Book of the American's Creed, 1921; The Biggest Book in the World, 1925; History of Maryland—Province and State, 1929; The Founding of Maryland, 1933; and Virginia, The Old Dominion, 1937.

In addition to his literary and historical achievements, DR. ANDREWS is renowned for his prowess in baseball, holding a world's record for pitching a strike-out game for his university.

A. D. KENAMOND, born in Pennsylvania, came in his early childhood to live in West Virginia. He began teaching in the West Virginia Normal School System at the age of twenty-three, and for many years has been dean of Shepherd College. He is president of the Jefferson County Historical Society; Secretary-Treasurer of The Rumseyan Society; author of a genealogical history of The Dill Family in America, 1698-1916.

EMMA EDMUNDS WHITE (Mrs. Locke) is not a native West Virginian, having been born in Virginia, but she lived for many years in Montgomery, West Virginia, and only recently moved to Kentucky with her minister husband.

She is a graduate of Chatham Hall; received her B. A. and M. A. degrees from Randolph-Macon Woman's College; is a Phi Beta Kappa.

She first met and became a friend of Pearl Buck, West Virginia's distinguished author, at Randolph-Macon, and their friendship was cemented more closely later on in China, when Mrs. White and her husband went as Presbyterian Missionaries to that country in 1921.

Mrs. White wrote an article on Pearl Buck for the February, 1939, Alumnae Bulletin of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, which was given first place for the best character sketch of an Alumnae personality by the Alumni Council, universities and colleges all over the United States and Canada participating.

BOYD BLYNN STUTLER was born at Cox's Mills, West Virginia; educated in the public schools of the State; has served in an editorial

capacity on the Grantsville News, Logan Banner, State Gazette (Point Pleasant), Service Magazine and the West Virginia Review. He has been the managing editor of the American Legion Magazine since 1936; is author of "Captain John Brown and Harper's Ferry"; compiler of "West Virginia Casualties in the War with Germany," and has contributed many articles to magazines and newspapers. His special interest is West Virginia history, and he is recognized as an authority upon "Captain John Brown."

PHILIP MALLORY CONLEY was born in Charleston, West Virginia; educated in the public schools of the State, receiving his B. S. degree from the West Virginia University, and Litt. D. from West Virginia Wesleyan College; is a Phi Beta Kappa; has been a teacher and superintendent of public schools; director of Welfare Work, Consolidation Coal Company, Jenkins, Ky.; editor, West Virginia Encyclopedia and West Virginia Review; author of "Life in a West Virginia Coal Field" (monograph); "Little Stories About West Virginia," (series of magazine articles); "West Virginia, Yesterday and Today," (text book); and contributor to many newspapers and magazines. He is now the President and Treasurer of the West Virginia Publishing Company.

FESTUS P. SUMMERS is a native of Nicholas County, West Virginia; attended the rural schools and the Concord Normal School, now Concord College: received his A. B. and Ph. D. degrees from the West Virginia University and his Master's degree from the University of Chicago; he has also pursued advanced studies in history and political science at Columbia University.

Dr. Summers has served as teacher, principal and superintendent in West Virginia public schools; for three years was a member of the faculty of Morris Harvey College; now associate professor of history at West Virginia University; is specially qualified to write on a military subject, having been an infantryman in the World War and has since retained his interest in Military studies. He is now a Captain in the Officers' Corps, U. S. Army.

MABEL ANN WEST was born in Harrison County, West Virginia, and educated in the public schools of the State. She received her A. B. degree from Mount Holyoke, in 1930, and her A. M. degree from Columbia in 1932. She has worked on the Clarksburg Exponent and is now employed by the State Department of Public Assistance as editor of the Public Assistance Journal. She has contributed verse and articles to several magazines.

Editor's Page

We present to the public the first issue of *West Virginia History,* a quarterly magazine dedicated to the collection and preservation of material relative to the State and its people. Since the field is more or less unexplored, this is no small undertaking.

A long period of time elapsed from the date of the settlement of Virginia until about 1719 when it is reasonably certain that white men had settled at or near what is now Shepherdstown. Our contact with Virginia and our history as a part of that State continued unbroken to 1863, when the State of West Virginia was created. History was being made during this entire period, and by the same token, not always through neglect, recorded history was being lost. On the other hand, however, due to the untiring efforts of those who have gone before, parts of this story have been preserved through the collection of many publications and valuable information.

It was not until 1892 that a historical publication was started in West Virginia—the *Southern Historical Magazine,* which was issued monthly and was of short duration. Then came the *Transallegheny Historical Magazine,* a quarterly established in 1901 and discontinued in 1902. At the same time, the *West Virginia Historical Magazine* was published. This publication was discontinued in 1905. Although these magazines are now very rare and, in most instances, not available to the public, they contain contributions of great value and they represent the efforts of state groups which were more or less directly assisted by the State.

In more recent years *The West Virginia Review,* established by Phil Conley as a private publication, covered part of this field in both a popular and accurate style. In 1924,

the energetic Randolph County Historical Society began publishing the *Magazine of History-Biography*. Likewise, there soon appeared the splendid *Magazine of the Jefferson County Historical Society*, and, in 1928, the *Year Book of the Upshur County Historical Society*.

This issue carries: An article relative to James Rumsey and his contributions to society in the way of invention; the "Jones-Imboden Raid," in which an outstanding episode of the Civil War is covered in detail; "The Kinnan Massacre," one of the important chapters of the period following the close of the American Revolution; the reprint of the Kinnan Narrative, in keeping with a proposed policy to make available rare historical items of this nature; the opening of a series, "West Virginians in the American Revolution," which is of great value; reviews of new books; and a general title review of contributions in the public press.

It is our aim to secure and carry material that is accurate—material written in a style that will appeal to all citizens as well as to the scholar in this field. The "story" of West Virginia is long and leads into many diversified avenues. It belongs to all our people and the neighbors beyond our borders. To the dissemination of this knowledge and the preservation thereof, this magazine is dedicated.